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1-ANNA

Dick

The title is presented in a highly decorative, three-dimensional style. Each word is contained within a ribbon-like banner that has a scalloped, dotted edge. The banners are arranged in a descending staircase pattern from top-left to bottom-right. The text is rendered in a bold, serif font with deep shadows and highlights, giving it a metallic or embossed appearance. The entire composition is surrounded by intricate, swirling floral and vine-like flourishes that add to the ornate aesthetic.

**DICKS
RECITATIONS
AND
READINGS
No. 13**

DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS.
NEW-YORK.



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DICK'S RECITATIONS AND READINGS

No. 13.

A CAREFULLY COMPILED SELECTION OF HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, ELOQUENT,
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EXCLUSIVELY DESIGNED FOR RECITATION OR READING.

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DICK'S

RECITATIONS AND READINGS.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

COWARDLY JEM.

W. A. PETERS.

It's not much of a story, stranger,
But what there is of it I'll tell.
We found the young chap on the prairie,
Where he said he got lost, and, well,
It was something about the Black Hills,
And going on foot and sich trash ;
We freely remarked that, for a fellow with brains,
We regarded him somewhat rash.

His answer was thin, too, when Johnson said,
" P'raps you won't mind, pard, just giving a bit
Of your personal history to pass off the time,"
" As a rule of his life he'd not mention it,"
Was just what he said ; but we made up our minds
That before he'd got out of the plains
His fingers had, rather too freely,
Stuck onto the wrong bridle-reins.

And that he had slipped the committee,
Or something pretty much the same out ;
So he wouldn't talk out in the meeting,

COWARDLY JIM.

But wisely kept his under-jaw shut.
Drive him off! Why, darn it all, stranger,
We wern't that kind of hairpins;
When you find a man starving on the prairie,
It's no time to talk of old sins.

We fed him just like a young baby,
On spoon vittles and such soothing things,
Until his stomach got stronger,
Then he tackled jerked venison, by jinks.
He hitched on the centre at camp building time,
For darn his picture if he'd work a bit;
But we made ourselves understood plain enough,
By the simple remark, "You work or git."

Brown called him durned Cowardly Jim,
And a cussed mean skunk, and all sich;
Why, not even a kick he resented
That Jones gave him down at the ditch
And somehow we all got to hate him,
Till he hadn't a friend in camp,
And one day we said that at sundown
He'd leave, or we'd hang the durned scamp.

He looked kinder lonesome and sad,
Getting ready to leave us that night;
But some warm work in camp soon after
Just gave him a kind of respite.
A scout had come in and said "Injuns!"
Well, anybody knows what that meant
Who has been down on the Rosebud
Where Custer and his brave boys went.

Them Injuns just made our camp lively,
And Jim, he pulled trigger with the rest,
He put in some good shots, stranger,
Which helped send the devils back west.
But a woman rushed in all frantic,
And said that, while hid in a trough,
The red devils ransacked the ranche,
And had carried her baby off.

Was there a man in camp who dared
To venture the rescue, one, or all ;
Not a man, nor the whole camp would go.
'Twas sure death to venture within shot or call
Of the Sioux with fleet ponies and fatal aim ;
But that "Cowardly Jim" just quietly said,
"If he wasn't intrudin' on any one's right,
He'd bring back the baby alive or dead."

That stirred things in camp some, you reckon ?
Yes, 'twas queer kind of language for Jim ;
But, stranger, between me and you,
The daringest thing on earth for him
Was to mount that little pony and go,
As he did, and face death, as he said,
And ride where the bravest dare not ride,
To bring back that baby alive or dead.

'Twas many a prayer that went up for Jim,
And many a tear that fell to the ground,
As we watched him going over the hill,
While a pin would have dropped with a sound.
And then we saw him racing for life,
With red devils in swift pursuit ;
A rideless pony, every minute or so,
And a puff of smoke told when Jim would shoot.

He reeled and fell from the saddle ;
That's the blood-stained floor where he laid,
And he smiled as he said, "Here's the baby ;
Never mind the price that I paid."
We knew that his time was all up,
Brave, noble, old Cowardly Jim.
We raised him in our arms to die,
And, stranger, thar wus angels with him.

"My baby is waiting for me," he said,
"At those gates of pearl, I feel ;
Husband, you wronged me ; some day you'll know
That your Mamie was true as steel."
Why, what could he mean by all that ?

JIM BAKER'S BLUE-JAY YARN.

His husband? Jim was out of his head.
 We laid bare the bosom, and, O God!
 'Twas a woman whose life had fled!
 That's her grave over there on the hill,
 Away from home, husband and all;
 "Mamie" is all we carved on it,
 And alone there she'll wait the last call.
 It wasn't much of a story, stranger,
 But such as it was I have told;
 And, of all the treasure we found in the Hills,
 That heart was the purest gold.

JIM BAKER'S BLUE-JAY YARN.

MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.)

From "*A Tramp Abroad*."

* * * Animals talk to each other, of course. There can be no question about that; but I suppose there are very few people who can understand them. I never knew but one man who could. I knew he could, however, because he told me so himself. He was a middle-aged, simple-hearted miner who had lived in a lonely corner of California, among the woods and mountains, a good many years, and had studied the ways of his only neighbors, the beasts and the birds, until he believed he could accurately translate any remark which they made. This was Jim Baker. According to Jim Baker, some animals have only a limited education, and use only very simple words, and scarcely ever a comparison or flowery figure; whereas, certain other animals have a large vocabulary, a fine command of language and a ready and fluent delivery; consequently these latter talk a great deal; they like it; they are conscious of their talent, and they enjoy "showing off." Baker said, that after long and careful observation, he had come to the conclusion that the blue-

jays were the best talkers he had found among birds and beasts. Said he :

“ There's more to a blue-jay than any other creature. He has got more moods, and more different kinds of feeling than other creatures ; and mind you, whatever a blue-jay feels, he can put into language. And no mere common-place language, either, but rattling, out-and-out book talk—and bristling with metaphor, too—just bristling ! And as for command of language—why you never see a blue-jay get stuck for a word. No man ever did. They just boll out of him ! And another thing : I've noticed a good deal, and there's no bird, or cow, or anything that uses as good grammar as a blue-jay. You may say a cat uses good grammar. Well, a cat does—but you let a cat get excited, once ; you let a cat go to pulling fur with another cat on a shed, nights, and you'll hear grammar that will give you the lockjaw. Ignorant people think it's the noise which fighting cats make that is so aggravating, but it ain't so ; it's the sickening grammar they use. Now I've never heard a jay use bad grammar but very seldom ; and when they do, they are as ashamed as a human ; they shut right down and leave.

“ You may call a jay a bird. Well, so he is, in a measure—because he's got feathers on him, and don't belong to no church perhaps ; but otherwise he is just as much human as you be. And I'll tell you for why. A jay's gifts, and instincts, and feelings, and interests cover the whole ground. A jay hasn't got any more principle than a Congressman. A jay will lie, a jay will steal, a jay will deceive ; a jay will betray ; and four times out of five a jay will go back on its solemnest promise. The sacredness of an obligation is a thing which you can't cram into no blue jay's head. Now, on the top of all this, there's another thing ; a jay can out-swear any gentleman in the mines. You think a cat can swear. Well, a cat can ; but you give a blue-jay a subject that calls for his reserve powers, and where is

your cat? Don't talk to me—I know too much about this thing. And there's yet another thing: in the one little particular of scolding—just good, clean, out-and-out scolding—a blue-jay can lay over anything, human or divine. Yes, sir, a jay is everything that a man is. A jay can cry, a jay can laugh, a jay can feel shame, a jay can reason and plan and discuss, a jay likes gossip and scandal, a jay has got a sense of humor, a jay knows when he is an ass just as well as you do—maybe better.

“If a jay ain't human, he better take in his sign, that's all. Now I'm going to tell you a perfectly true fact about some blue-jays.

“When I first began to understand jay language correctly, there was a little incident happened here. Seven years ago the last man in this region but me moved away. There stands his house—been empty ever since; a log house with a plank roof—just one big room, and no more; no ceiling—nothing between the rafters and the floor. Well, one Sunday morning I was sitting out here in front of my cabin with my cat, taking the sun and looking at the blue hills, and listening to the leaves rustling so lonely in the trees, and thinking of home away yonder in the States that I hadn't heard from in thirteen years, when a blue-jay lit on that house, with an acorn in his mouth, and says, ‘Hello, I reckon I've struck something.’

“When he spoke, the acorn dropped out of his mouth and rolled down the roof, of course, but he didn't care; his mind was all on the thing he had struck. It was a knot-hole in the roof. He cocked his head to one side, shut one eye and put the other one to the hole, like a possum looking down a jug; then he glanced up with his bright eyes, gave a wink or two with his wings—which signifies gratification, you understand—and says, ‘It looks like a hole, it's located like a hole—blamed if I don't believe it is a hole!’

“Then he cocked his head down and took another look;

he glanced up perfectly joyful this time; winks his wings and tail both, and says, 'Oh, no, this ain't no fat thing I reckon! If I ain't in luck! why it's a perfectly elegant hole!' So he flew down and got that acorn, and fetched it up and dropped it in, and was just tilting his head back, with the heavenliest smile on his face, when all of a sudden he was paralyzed into a listening attitude and that smile faded gradually out of his countenance like breath off'n a razor, and the queerest look of surprise took its place. Then he says, 'Why I didn't hear it fall!' He cocked his eye at the hole again, and took a long look; raised up and shook his head; stepped around to the other side of the hole and took another look from that side; shook his head again. He studied awhile, then he just went into the details, walked round and round the hole, and spied into it from every point of the compass. No use. Now he took a thinking attitude on the comb of the roof, and scratched the back of his head with his right foot a minute, and finally says, 'Well, it's too many for me, that's certain; must be a mighty long hole; however, I ain't got no time to fool around here, I got to 'tend to business; I reckon it's all right—chance it, anyway.'

"So he flew off and fetched another acorn and dropped it in, and tried to flirt his eye to the hole quick enough to see what became of it, but he was too late. He held his eye there as much as a minute; then he raised up and sighed, and says, 'Confound it, I don't seem to understand this thing, no way; however, I'll tackle her again.' He fetched another acorn, and done his level best to see what became of it, but he couldn't. He says, 'Well, I never struck no such a hole as this before; I'm of the opinion it's a totally new kind of a hole.' Then he begun to get mad. He held in for a spell, walking up and down the comb of the roof and shaking his head and muttering to himself; but his feelings got the upper hand of him presently, and he broke loose and cursed himself black in the face. I

never see a bird take on so about a little thing. When he got through, he walks to the hole and looks in again for half a minute; then he says, 'Well, you're a long hole, and a deep hole, and a mighty singular hole altogether—but I've started in to fill you, and I'm d—d if I don't fill you, if it takes a hundred years.'

"And with that, away he went. You never see a bird work so since you was born. He laid into his work like a nigger, and the way he hove acorns into that hole for about two hours and a half was one of the most exciting and astonishing spectacles I ever struck. He never stopped to take a look any more—he just hove 'em in, and went for more. Well, at last he could hardly flop his wings, he was so tuckered out. He comes a-drooping down, once more, sweating like an ice-pitcher, drops his acorn in, and says, 'Now I guess I've got the bulge on you by this time!' So he bent down for a look. If you'll believe me, when his head came up again he was just pale with rage. He says, 'I've shoveled acorns enough in there to keep the family thirty years, and if I can see a sign of one of 'em I wish I may land in a museum with a belly full of sawdust in two minutes!'

"He just had strength enough to crawl up on to the comb and lean his back agin the chimbly, and then he collected his impressions and begun to free his mind. I saw in a second that what I had mistook for profanity in the mines, was only just the rudiments, as you may say.

"Another jay was going by, and heard him doing his devotions, and stops to inquire what was up. The sufferer told him the whole circumstance, and says, 'Now yonder's the hole, and if you don't believe me, go and look for yourself.' So this fellow went and looked, and comes back and says, 'How many did you say you put in there?' 'Not less than two tons,' says the sufferer. The other jay went and looked again. He couldn't seem to make it out, so he raised a yell, and three more jays came. They

all examined the hole, they all made the sufferer tell it over again, then they all discussed it, and got off as many leather-headed opinions about it as an average crowd of humans could have done.

“They called in more jays; then more and more, till pretty soon this whole region 'peared to have a blue flush about it. There must have been five thousand of them; and such another jawing and disputing and ripping and cussing, you never heard. Every jay in the whole lot put his eye to the hole and delivered a more chuckle-headed opinion about the mystery than the jay that went there before him. They examined the house all over, too. The door was standing half open, and at last one old jay happened to go and light on it and look in. Of course that knocked the mystery galley-west in a second. There lay the acorns, scattered all over the floor. He flopped his wings and raised a whoop. ‘Come here!’ he says, ‘come here, everybody; hang’d if this fool hasn’t been trying to fill up a house with acorns!’ They all came a-swooping down like a blue cloud, and as each fellow lit on the door and took a glance, the whole absurdity of the contract that that first jay had tackled, hit him home, and he fell over backwards suffocating with laughter, and the next jay took his place and done the same.

“Well, sir, they roosted around here on the house-top and the trees for an hour, and guffawed over that thing like human beings. It ain’t any use to tell me a blue-jay hasn’t got a sense of humor, because I know better. And memory, too. They brought jays here from all over the United States to look down that hole every summer for three years. Other birds, too. And they could all see the point, except an owl that came from Nova Scotia to visit the Yo Semite, and he took this thing in on his way back. He said he couldn’t see anything funny in it. But then he was a good deal disappointed about Yo Semite, too.”

THE BALLAD OF BILL MAGEE.

AVERY DEYCOSS

Written for this work.

He was a skillful mariner,
 A weather-beaten man,
 The master of the oyster sloop
 They call the Sally Ann.

Not rendered vile by oysters, nor
 Demoralized by clams,
 He was a strictly moral man,
 And sang no songs but psalms.

And, if he used hard words at times,
 His language, it is plain,
 Was garnished then with expletives,
 And not at all profane.

I asked of this old mariner,
 Whose name was Bill Magee,
 To tell me some adventure strange,
 That happened him at sea.

This hardy seaman stood him up,
 Close by the ship's caboose,
 And lay his quid upon its roof,
 To serve for further use.

He hitched his trowsers right and left,
 Glanced upward at the sail,
 And hawked and spat and pucked his lips,
 And then began his tale.

"'Twas on the twenty-fourth of June,
 In the year of seventy-one,
 About two hours, or thereabouts,
 Before the set of sun.

"Our stately vessel spread her sail,
 Down Hudson making way,
 To stem the dangers of the Kill,
 And venture Newark Bay.

- “We kept her off the Palisades
That we a breeze might find,
And partly that as moral men
Fort Lee we'd leave behind.
- “For oh! that is a wicked place,
And given to beer and sin—
They slew St. Mary Parish there
By pi'sonin' her gin.
- “Sow-west by sow from Castle P'int,
At seven knots we ran,
When White, the black, our cook came up
With lobsouse in a pan.
- “It's smell upon our noses smote,
The Mate he smacked his lips;
But White grew blacker as he cried—
'What's that among them ships!'
- “A snort, a roar, a flood of foam,
The fretted water's gleam
As though some huge torpedo boat
Were comin' up the stream.
- “And as it came I felt my heart
Within my body quake;
There from Nahant, on a Summer jaunt,
I saw the great sea-snake.
- “It raised its head, its crimson mouth
It opened good and wide;
You might have driven within the gap
Seven clam-cats side by side.
- “Two eyes as big as oyster-kegs
Glared at us in the beast;
And under these a pair of jaws
Four rods in width at least.
- “We could not scream, we could not stir,
For help we could not call;
And the serpent opened wide his mouth,
And swallowed us, mast and all.

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

"Round keel and topmast choked his jaws,
 We felt the muscles draw,
 As he sucked us down his slimy throat,
 And lodged us in his maw."

Bill shuddered at the memory,
 His face grew deadly pale;
 He hitched his trowsers dreamily,
 And so he closed his tale.

'How got you out of the serpent's maw?'"
 I asked the mariner then;
 He took up his quid, and sadly said—
 "We never got out again!"

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

A RECITATION.

All the World's a Stage and man has seven ages,
 So Shakespeare writes, King of dramatic Sages;
 But he forgot to tell you in his plan,
 That woman plays her part as well as man.

First, how her infant heart with triumph swells,
 When the red coral shakes its silver bells!
 She, like young Statesmen, as the rattle rings,
 Leaps at the sound, and struts in leading strings.

Next little Miss, in a Pinafore so trim,
 With nurse so noisy—with mamma so prim—
 Eager to tell you, all she's taught to utter,
 Lips as she grasps the allotted bread and butter;
 Type of her sex—who, though no longer young,
 Holds everything with ease, except the tongue.

A school girl then, she curls her hair in papers,
 And mimics father's gout, and mother's vapors;
 Tramples alike on custom and on toes,
 And whispers all she hears to all she knows;
 "Betty," she cries, "it comes into my head

Old maids grow cross because their cats are dead."
 My governess has been in such a fuss,
 About the death of our old tabby puss;
 She wears black stockings, ha! ha! what a pother,
 "'Cause one old cat's in mourning for another!"
 The child of nature—free from pride and pomp,
 And sure to please, though nothing but a romp.

Next riper Miss, who nature more disclosing,
 Now finds some tracks of art are interposing;
 And, with blue laughing eyes behind her fan,
 First acts her part with that great actor—Man!
 Behold her now, an ogling vain coquette,
 Catching male gudgeons in her silver net.
 All things reversed—the neck cropp'd close and bare,
 Scarce feels the incumbrance of a single hair;
 Whilst the thick forehead tresses, frizzled full,
 Rival the tufted locks that grace the bull.

Then comes the sober character—a wife,
 With all the dear distracting cares of life.
 A thousand cares, a thousand joys extend,
 For what may not, on a card depend?
 Though justice in the morn claim fifty pounds,
 Five hundred won at night may heal the wounds.
 Now she'll snatch half a glance at operas, ball,
 A meteor traced by none, though seen by all;
 'Till spousy finds, while anxious to immure her,
 A patent coffin only can secure her!

At last the Dowager, in ancient flounces,
 With snuff and spectacles, this age denounces.
 And thus she moralizes:—

(Speaks like an old woman.)

"How bold and forward each young flirt appears,"
 "Courtship in my time lasted seven long years."
 "Now seven little months suffice, of course,"
 "For courting, marrying, scolding, and divorce."
 "What with their truss'd up shapes and pantaloons,"
 "Dress occupies the whole of honey-moons."

"They say we have no souls—but what more odd is,"
 "Nor men, nor women now have any bodies."
 "When I was young, my heart was always tender,"
 "And would to every spouse I had surrender;"
 "Their wishes to refuse, I never durst,"
 "And my fourth died as happy as my first."

Truce to such splenetic and rash designs,
 And let us mingle candor with our lines
 In all the stages of domestic life,
 As child, as sister, parent, friend, or wife,
 Woman, the source of every fond employ,
 Softens affliction, and enlivens joy.
 What is your boast, male rulers of the land?
 How cold and cheerless all you can command;
 Vain your ambition—vain your wealth and power,
 Unless kind woman share your raptur'd hour;
 Unless 'midst all the glare of pageant art,
 She adds her smile, and triumphs in your heart.

BRUDDER PLATO JOHNSON'S SERMON.

ANON.

Belubbed, de Bible am a purty ole book, 'cordin to all
 accounts, but on de ole it can't be beat much by de print-
 in' press ob to-day. I ain't got much ed'cashun, but I've
 got jess ignorance 'nuff to beleib de Possle wen he tell
 me dat a ting am so and so. I've cum back to de hearts
 and houses ob de colored people of South Carliny. I've
 ben spendin' my vacation 'mong de furriners ob New York.
 Dat eighteen dollars an' forty-two cents wat was raised
 by 'scription put me froo in 'mazin good style. I didn't
 stop at no fust-class hotel, an' ax fur de bridle chamber,
 but took my meals reg'lar at de apple stand an' borrered
 de front steps ob a rich man on Fif' avenu fur de nite.
 Dat's de wantage ob havin' de bronchitis in de summer
 time. I went to de big meetin' house of Brudder Hall in

de mornin', an' in de ebenin' I sot under de roof ob dat curus tabernacle dat 'longs to Brudder Hipporth, an' in de futur I shall 'scribe wat I see. Fur dis present 'casion I want to say dat I went to a meetin ob de Free 'ligion people. Now de Free 'ligionist am a sex dat aint boddered much 'bout de Gospel. Dey 'eliminates most ebberyting outer der libes, 'cept jest wat dey wants to do. Dey believes in de gospel ob doin wat dey has a mind to, an' tryin to dodge de consekences. I couldn't make out much from wat dey sed, but I 'magine dat dat is de gist ob it. Dey knows ebberyting, an' de Bible can't teach 'em nothin'. Dey hab learned it all to pieces, an' den frowed it away. Let me 'lustrate :—Dey tole us dat dey had foun' out dat Moses was jest puttin' up a job of configurating a conundrum wen he sed dat de world was made in six days, an' dat it reely took mor'n forty tousan' million years. Dere argyment on dis pint was strong, an' I most lost my ole head, an' was goin' to jine in, but den I thought dat praps Moses knowed a little sumthin' after all, an' so kep' still. One ob dese Free 'ligionists spoke to me. He sed, "Do you see dat stone, Brudder Plato?" takin' out a stone frum his westcote pocket. I put on my specs, an' den I say, "Brudder, I see dat stone, fur shore." "Well, how long would it take you to make dat stone ef you had nothin' to make it wid and no tools handy?" I meditated fur 'bout two minutes and den I sed nothin'. "A tousan' years?" sez he. "More," sez I. "A hunderd tousan', two hunderd tousan', ten hunderd tousan'?" says he. "Full dat, brudder," says I, "an' a mittey tough job at dat." "Den," sez he, turnin' on me wid his blazin' eye, "talk 'bout de whole world bein' made in six days, it's all nonsense." At de fust I was a little frustrated. But wen I was sittin' on de front steps, an' gettin' ready fur de nite, I sez to myself, "Plato Johnson, is you God?" an' I answered quick, "No, Plato Johnson, you isn't God, fur shore." "Den," sez I, "dat bein' de case, praps de Lord could have made

20 HOW MANY APPLES DID ADAM AND EVE EAT?

dis yere world in six days ef you couldn't." So I jess laid my ole head on de Bible and went to sleep like a pickaninny. Wat's de matter wid de Free 'ligionists is, dat dey don't think dere's much difference 'tween dem an' de Lord. Dey knows too orfle much. No libbin' man has a right to know so much as dey knows, 'cos dat 'mount of larnin makes 'em feel dat wat dey can't do nobody can't. I woke up in de middle ob de nite, an' under de light ob de moon I looked ober my ole Bible to fin' out how much ben cut out by dese Free 'ligionists. De whole ob Genesis, from de creation ob de world down to de last verse, am clean gone. An' fur's I can discover de rest of de Bible am served in de same way. Wen dey gets froo wid it dere's nothin' left but de kivers. Bruddern, my advice is to get 'ligion, most any kin', 'cept dat kin' dat's so very free dat it aint no 'ligion at all.

HOW MANY APPLES DID ADAM AND EVE EAT?

From the West Side (Ohio) Sentinel.

Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of 10 only.

We think the above figures entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 8 2 certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants, reason something like this: Eve 8 1 and Adam 8 2; total, 163.

Wrong again. What could be clearer than if Eve 8 1 and Adam 8 1 2 the total was 893?

If Eve 8 1 1st and Adam 8 1 2, would not the total be 1,623?

George Washington says Eve 8 1 4 Adam and Adam 8 1 2 4 Eve; together they got away with 8,938.

But if Eve 8 1 4 Adam, Adam 8 1 2 4 2 oblige Eve. Total, 82,056.

We think this, however, not a sufficient quantity, for

though we admit that Eve 8 1 4 Adam, Adam, if he 8, 0
2 8 1 2 4 2 keep Eve company. Total, 80,282,056.

Everybody is wrong again. Eve, when she 8 1, 8 1 2
many, and probably felt sorry for it, but her companion,
in order to relieve her sorrow, 8 1 2. Therefore Adam, if
he 8 1, 8 1 4 2 4 2 fy Eve's depressed spirits. Hence both
ate 81,896,054 apples.

BISHOP VALENTINE.

A. R. M.

The following clever lines appeared in the little newspaper printed for
the Sanitary Fair held in this city during the war—a place of burial from
which they fully deserve this resurrection.

Bishop Valentine sat in an oaken chair,
Conning an ancient book.

His features they wore a thoughtful air,
His feet they wore slippers, a velvet pair,
And a velvet nightcap adorned his hair,
And his cell was a snug little nook.

The moon through the painted casement shone,
And checkered the paven floor.

Bishop Valentine sat by his lamp alone,
As the length'ning shadows stole slowly on,
'Till at last the abbey clock tolled one,
When the Bishop was heard to snore.

Now Satan, who hated the Bishop right well,
And had done him ill turns without number,
At that instant exactly, as it befel,
In taking an airing, flew over his cell,
• So he carefully muffled his tail round the bell,
Lest its echoes should wake him from slumber.

Then down, with a grace altogether his own,
To the cell of the Bishop he slips,
Upsets a large bottle of choice cologne,
Lest the scent of the brimstone should make him known,
And for fear of the light from his horns draws on
An extinguisher over the tips.

DO, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA, SI.

He takes up the book that the monk had let fall,
 And smiles as he reads the name,
 As if he had dined upon wormwood and gall ;
 Then flinging the volume against the wall
 He stamps on the floor, and forth at his call
 An enormous black cat there came.

By the side of the Bishop he quietly sits
 And places the cat in his arms.
 At once through the soul of the Bishop there flits
 A vision of beauty that crazes his wits,
 And, far beyond all that the church permits,
 His episcopal spirit charms.

Lucifer sits with a sly grimace,
 Watching the Bishop dream ;
 He clasps his arms in a close embrace,
 When the cat starts suddenly from her place,
 And fixes her talons in his face,
 And the Bishop awakes with a scream.

Away through the roof flew the evil one,
 And away flew the cat through the floor.
 Now still on this day, quoth the monk, with a groan,
 Shall men for my trials and sorrows atone,
 And be fooled by false dreams of fair maidens alone,
 Be it Valentine's Day evermore.

DO, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA, SI.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A Major loved a maiden so,
 His warlike heart was soft as *Do*.

He oft would kneel to her and say :
 " Thou art of life my only *Re*.

" Ah ! if but kinder thou would'st be,
 And sometimes sweetly smile on *Mi*.

" Thou art my life, my guiding star,

I love thee near, I love thee *Fa*.

“ My passion I cannot control,
Thou art the idol of my *Sol*.”

The maiden said: “ Oh, fie! ask pa;
How can you go on thus? Oh, *La!*”

The Major rose from bended knee,
And went her father for to *St*.

THE CONSTANT IN THE VARIED.

GEORGE S. BURLINGH.

There is no moment in the flight of years
Where age begins and young life disappears,
No point between the daylight and the dark
That parts the two with its dividing mark;
No certain line that shuts from interflow
The good and evil of our lives below;
The zones of earth, the zones of life and thought,
Deny the abrupt boundaries we have wrought,
Softly they mingle, till, advancing, one
Holds for a space its solitary throne.
So pass the ages, Golden, Iron, Steam,
With contact interfused, as in a dream,
And all our Eras are but tenth-wave swells
Of an eternal tide, beneath which dwells
The Eternal Mover, vital none the less
In the lone ripple than where billows press
The great rocks from their bases! We divide
The year to moons, the moon to weeks, and hide
In partial names the never-broken flow
That naught can hasten, naught can make more slow
Though still unfixed the time,—our twilight past,—
We stand involved in midnight gloom at last;
Yet, even here the black is less intense
For stars that wander in the voids immense;
We live unconscious of what steals away,

And wake from youth's fair vision, old and gray ;
 Yet even in youth the seeds of wasting grew,
 Even oldest life hath instinct of the new !
 The widowed Age, still mourning Truth's decline,
 Starts in the flash of some new dawn divine,
 Sings hallelujahs to that better day,
 That throbbed unseen in midnights far away,
 And tunes to celebrate the choral song
 The birth of gods now buried centuries long !

From age to age some soul divinely great
 Mounts o'er the level of our poor estate ;
 And mindless of the confluent tides that gave
 Its grand preëminence to that crowning wave,
 We mark its period, and re-date old time
 By the accession of that force sublime ;
 Though not a pulse of all the untold past
 But here ran tremulous to be seen at last !

We give the crown to moments when our sense
 Grows conscious of the Eternal Immanence,
 Half seeing what is, still blind to what has been,
 Believing worlds just fashioned when first seen,
 Though, through untraveled space a million years
 May fail to bring the light of distant spheres.

Though sense demand, with step by step, to climb
 The dateless periods of eternal time,
 Our souls have hints of that unruffled stream
 That joins all Eras in one Now supreme,
 As sunken continents hold the rooted isles
 In one firm mass, down ocean's dark defiles ;
 And in the dissonance of a thousand powers
 On thrones discreet, in separate lands and hours,
 Behold, in glimpses the unjarring One,—
 Of time, space, power, the endless unison !
 Then all our stormy epochs fade away
 In the still light of God's eternal day !

THE SNAKE-BIT IRISHMAN.

A KENTUCKY DIALECT NARRATIVE AS TOLD BY SUT
LOVINGOOD.

Adapted from "Sut Lovingood's Yarns."

I wer prospecting one day 'long the road, permiscus like, when sum three or four clever fellers frum Knoxville fix'd tharselves up fur a camp hunt ove a cupple ove weeks out thar, an' they met up wif me, an' pinted out two kaigs tied across a muel's back, an' tole me tu smell at the bunghole. I follered em wifout ara halter.

We camp't jist tuther side of a high pint over the hills, an' wer gettin on fust rate, killin lots ove deer an' sich like, when wun nite ther cum a cussed Irishman, wif a bundil ontu the aind ove a stick, an' jis' tuck up boardin wif us, never so-much es even *lookin* tu see ef he wer welcum. He et, an' drunk, and slep't thar, es cumfortabel es ef he own'd this country, an' wer the sassiest, meddlesumest, mos' imperdint sun ove a diggin-mersheen I ever seed.

Sez Jedge Alexander tu me: "Sut, ef yu'll manage to run that raskil off from yere, I'll gin ye a par ove boots."

Sez I, jumpin tu my feet: "I'll du hit, durn'd ef I don't. Jes' wait till nite."

"Now," sez the kind-hearted Jedge, "Sut, yu mustn't hurt the poor feller, mine that; but I want him skared away frum this camp."

Sez I, "All the hurtin he'll git will cum frum skeer. I won't hurt him, but I specks the skeer *may* du hit; my 'sperience (an' hits *sum* on the nater an' workin ove skeers) is, Jedge, that the hurtin cumin outen a big ripe skeer jis' can't be beat on *top* ove this yeath, eny how. Hors-whips, yeller-jackets, an' fire, haint nowhar. Yu wants him skeer'd clean away frum this camp. Now s'pose I happens to put in a leetle too much powder, an' skeer him plum outen the United States—what then?"

Sed he, larfin, "I won't indite you; jis' go ahead, Sut."

I fix'd things.

Well, nite cum ; an' arter we hed lay down, Irish stole hisself anuther suck onter the barlm-ove-life kaig, an' cum an' jis' rooted his way in atween me an' Jim, an' fix'd hisself fur a big sleep, went at hit imejuntly, an' sot up a systim ove the infunelest snorin you ever hearn ; hit wer the dolefullest, skeeriest soun ever blown outen a human nose. The allfired ole poshole digger *snored in Irish !*

Now, I hed cut off ni onto about nine foot ove gut frum the offal ove a big buck what wer kill'd that day, an' I tied the ainds wif twine, to keep in the truck what wer intu hit, an' sunk hit in the crick, so es to hev hit good cold. I ris up rite keerful, put on the Jedge's spurs, got me a long black-thorn, an' greased hit wif hog's fat outen the skillet. I fotch the gut up from the crick, an' wer ready to begin the sponsibil work I hed on han.

The tater-eater hed a hole inter the sittin-down part of his britches, an' his shut-tail hed cum outen hit to git sum fresh air. I tied wun aind ove that orful gut tite an' fas' tu the ole coarse shut-tail, an' quiled up the gut nice an' snake-like, clost tu him es he lay. I lay'd down agin, an' reached down my han wif the black-thorn in hit till I got in stickin distunce ; I felt fur a soft place, an' jis' socked him wif the thorn four or five times, 'bout es fas' es a ho'net ken sting when he hesn't much time tu spar, an' a big job ove stingin tu du sumwhar else.

Every time I socked that thorn, I raked him up an' down the shins wif them Mexican spurs. I hearn them rattelin ontu his shin-bones like buckshot in a bottil, an' I wer a-hollorin—yu cud hearn me a mile—"Snake ! Snake ! big snake ! Oh, lordee ! a big copper-headed black rattil snake is crawlin up my britches, up bof laigs, an' is a-tying hissef intu a double bow-knot roun my body. Help ! Lordee, oh !"

The rest on 'em hed the hint, an' all wer 'shouten "Snake ! snake ! big snake !" es I did. Now hits not

onreasonabel tu tell that this hurtin an' noise woke Paddy eshenshully all over, an' all et onst tu.

He slapped down his hans each side ove hissef to help 'im to rise, an' laid one ove 'em flat ontu the nice cold quile ove gut. He went ofen that pallet an' outen that camp jis' like a sparrer-hawk starts tu fly frum the soun ove a shot-gun, an' he lit twenty foot out in the dark, a-straitnin out that gut until the string on the hinmos' aind snapped like ontu a 'cussion cap. As he went, his words wer—"Howly blessed mother!" an' he sot inter runnin in a serkil ove about fifty yards thru the brush, roun an' aroun the camp, a-makin meny surjestshuns, an' prayers, an' other dierbolical souns. "Shute the long divil! Shute all ove yees, but don't aim at his head! Och, Shint Patherick! Oh, howly mother! Can't nun ove yees ketch him? Stop him! Och, howly wather! how swate he's a-bitin! I *tell* yees he's got me behind, an' he's a-mending his houl! Praist, praist, pope, praist! Howly wather! praist! Och! och! Fitch me a cross—a big cross! Bring me bades, me bades! The divil's own son is a-aiting in strait fur me kednays!"

In wun ove his sarkits, he run thru the embers ove the camp-fire, an' the string at the aind ove the gut hed kotch, an' wer a-burnin like a slow-match. Paddy hed ventered to peep over his shoulder, an' seed hit a-bobbin about arter him; he got a bran new idear onder his har. "Och! Howly Moses! he'll ait now as he plazes, he's a-totin a lite tu see how to bite by."

The very thought ove hit made him ni ontu dubbil his speed. He tore thru that brush thicket like a bull wif honey-bees arter him, an' made more nise than a hoss a-doing the same work at the same speed, an' onder a like skeer. I wer up ontu a stump a-hollerin, "Snake! snake! snake!" es regular es a steamboat snorts, an' in a orful voice, like I hed a jews-harp in my froat.

Arter he'd run ni ontu a mile in that surkil, an' hed

broke a good sweat, an' when his back wer to'ards the camp, I bellered out, "Fling away yer spade; hit makes agin yu!"

I wish I may be dodrabbited ef he didn't go thru the moshuns ove flingin a spade back'ards over his head. *He* thought he hed his spade, sure es yu ar born'd. See what a skeer kin due in mixin up the idears ove a critter what sorter leans to'ards bein a half fool, enyhow. Then I hollerred, "Go in a strait line an' out-run yer snake, yu infunnelly durn'd fool!"

That idear happened to go strait to his brains afore hit tangled, an' Pat tuck me at my word, an' wer outen site in the shake ove a lamb's tail. In about half minit, way over ontu the nex ridge, I hearn "Howly Mose—," an' it wer so far off I cudent hear the aind ove the word.

Nex day he wer makin a bee line thru town, to'ards the East, in a stiff, short dorg-trot, an' lookin like he'd bin thru a smut-mersheen. A feller hail'd him, "Hollo, Pat, which way?"

He look'd slowly roun wifout stoppin, wif a hang-dorg sorter face, an' a feelin a-hine him wif one han', he growl'd out a word fur every step he tuck—"Strate tu swate Ireland, whar thar's no snakes!"

An' I b'leve he kep his word. He's in Irishdum now ef he kep his oath, whar thar's no snakes, an' yet I'll swar he dreams ove em, an' prays agin 'em ove nites, an's watchin fur 'em, an' a-cussin ove 'em ove days, an' will keep up that habit till death sends a supener fur him, even ef the ole feller waits seventy-five years fust.

I got two par ove boots, an' ole tangle-foot whisky enuf tu fill 'em.

A HANDFUL OF GRASS.

A letter from home, and lo! within
Is what I rejoice to see,
Though many a one will only think
How silly it is of me.

ANON.

'Tis but some scattering blades of grass—
 Only a dosen or so—
 Yet fresh and green; and they tell me much
 That I have desired to know.

They come from the place where I was born
 In a far-off northern land,
 And speak of home and the dear ones there
 In language I understand.

They tell me that wind and rain and sun
 Have been busy there as here,
 And a transient glimpse of coming spring
 Enliveneth the winter drear.

That the giant drifts that reared their heads,
 Like ramparts about the place,
 Have shrunk so that the earth once more
 Revealeth her withered face.

They tell me that he who gathered them—
 Enclosing them as you see—
 Has not forgotten such trifling gifts
 Are always a joy to me.

Of Patience and Hope they teach beside,
 When weary of ice and snow,
 That however deep and cold the drifts
 Yet the grass is green below.

And theirs is a needed lesson, too,
 Which others with me may share,
 To make our hay while we have the chance
 And the sunshine fills the air.

O'REILLY'S NIGHTMARE.

T. EDWIN LEARY.

Is it phat wuz it ailin' me, Judy, las' night
 Ye ax me alanna? Did ye say I wuz tight?
 Be Saint Larrance O'Toole, Jude, ye niver are right
 Wid yer flosify an' yer consate;

Fur sorra th' thing wint into me mout
 At owld Murphy's wake afore I kim out,
 Barrin' a dhudeen an' sumthin' to ate.

But, Judy, agrah, be th' chapil o' Knock,
 Me narves niver had sich a terrible shock ;
 An to-day, faith, the shanty we're lavin'.
 Las' night Casey's wurds kim thru as th' skies
 An', acushla, ye know I'm not givin to lies ;
 We mus' go if our sowls we'd be savin'.

I wuzn't ashleep ; no, Jude, niver a wink ;
 Me eyes wor wide opin, and phat de ye think
 I saw walkin' in on th' flure,
 But th' divil himself, wid snakes on his head,
 His three prong'd tormintor he laid on th' bed,
 Thin, turnin', he bowlted th' dure.

His oye wuz an' foire an' purpil his nose,
 His fingers wore sphears, he had hooks an' his toes
 Wud to hevin' I niver cud mind thim.
 He lifted his tridint, I begun fur to quail,
 Phun a roguish pink moonkey, with a long sky-blue tail,
 Begun cuttin' up capirs a'hind him.

Sez he : " Phalim O'Reilly, Bat Casey th' seer
 Towld ye, fortnight ago, to be gon out o' here,
 That th' house be me hi'ness wuz hantid ;
 An' if ye don't go 'fore th' sun sits th' morrer,
 In the faddomless pits ye'll be howlin' in horrer ;
 So now see that me wish'll be granted."

An' thin as he turned, wid his fork in his gripe,
 Full twinty green moonkeys clum up th' stove-poise
 An' kep' up a divil's own shindy ;
 An' puttin' th' pink moonkey under his arum,
 Wid a fadderly care 's if to gard him from harum,
 Th' divil lept out o' th' windy.

* * * * *

A' ye poachin' shrughrann, ye wor out o' yer mind,
 At Tade Murphy's wake ye wur dhrunk, aye, stone blind.
 An' divil a wurd cud ye utter.

Two jugs o' potheen med ye trimble and shake,
 Phun Darby th' gauger an' Owney th' rake
 Bro't ye home to me stiff—on a shuttir!

JOSIAR.

ANON.

Things has come to a pretty pass
 The whole wide country over,
 When every married woman has
 To have a friend or lover;
 It ain't the way that I was raised,
 An' I hain't no desire
 To have some feller pokin' round
 Instead of my Josiar.

I never kin forget the day
 That we went out a walkin',
 An' sot down on the river bank
 An' kep' on hours a talkin';
 He twisted up my apron string
 An' folded it together,
 An' said he thought for harvest time
 'Twas cur'us kind o' weather.

The sun went down as we sot there—
 Josiar seemed uneasy,
 An' mother she began to call:
 "Loweezy! oh, Loweezy!"
 An' then Josiar spoke right up,
 As I was just a startin',
 An' said, "Loweezy, what's the use
 Of us two ever partin'?"

It kind o' took me by surprise,
 An' yet I knew 'twas comin'—
 I'd heard it all the summer long,
 In every wild bee's hummin';
 I'd studied out the way I'd act,
 But law! I couldn't do it;

GRANDPA'S SOLILOQUY.

I meant to hide my love from him,
 But seems as if he knew it,
 And lookin' down into my eyes
 He must a seen the fire,
 And ever since that hour I've loved
 An' worshiped my Josiar.

I can't tell what the women mean
 Who let men fool around 'em,
 Believin' all the nonsense that
 They only say to sound 'em ;
 I know, for one, I've never seen
 The man that I'd admire,
 To have a hangin' after me,
 Instead of my Josiar.

GRANDPA'S SOLILOQUY.

ANON.

A HINT TO THE RISING GENERATION.

It wasn't so when I was young,
 We used plain language then ;
 We didn't speak of "them galloots,"
 When meaning boys and men.

When speaking of the nice hand-write
 Of Joe, or Tom, or Bill.

We did it plain—we didn't say,
 "He swings a nasty quill."

And when we seed the gal we liked,
 Who never failed to please,
 We called her pretty, neat and good,
 But not "about the cheese."

Well, when we met a good old friend,
 We hadn't lately seen,
 We greeted him—but didn't say,
 "Hallo, you old sardine."

The boys got mad sometimes, and fit ;

We spoke of kicks and blows ;
And now they "whack him in the snoot,"
And "paste him on the nose."

Once, when a youth was turned away
From her he loved most dear,
He walked off on his feet—but now
He "crawls off on his ear."

We used to dance, when I was young,
And used to call it so ;
But now they don't—they only "sling
The light fantastic toe."

Of death we spoke in language plain,
That no one will perplex ;
But in these days one doesn't die—
He "passes in his checks."

We praised the man of common sense ;
His judgment's good, we said ;
But now they say, "Well that old plum
Has got a level head."

It's rather sad the children now
Are learning all such talk ;
They've learned to "chin," instead of chat,
And "waltz" instead of walk.

To little Harry, yesterday—
My grandchild, aged two—
I said, "You love grandpa?" he said,
"You bet your boots I do."

The children bowed to strangers, once,
It is no longer so ;
The little girls, as well as boys,
Now greet you with "Hello!"

O, give me back the good old days
When both the old and young
Conversed in plain, old-fashioned words,
And slang was never "slung."

WIG. MACOMBER'S HEARTSTRINGS.

ANON.

HOW THEY WERE REPEATEDLY TORN TO TATTERS BY
FICKLE SAMANTHA MORRIS.

From the New York Sun.

There had been an elopement up the river, and some of the boys were sitting around the Crissman House stove talking about it. As the girl in the case was soon to have been married, the burden of the conversation was the disappointment and grief that must have overwhelmed the deceived bridegroom.

"Yes," said the Sheriff, striking a match on his trousers leg and lighting the stub of his cigar for the fifth time—"Yes, the poor fellow must have felt bad; but what is his disappointment to that of Wig. Macomber? I don't know whether you ever knew Wig. He was a solemn cuss, and lived down in Ulster County. He was in love with a girl named Samantha Jane Morris. This was before the war. They were engaged to be married. A feller named Jim Archer came to the town where they lived. He was a tinker, and set up a tin shop. He fell in love with Samanth. I'll call her Samanth now, but if she was here I wouldn't. I'll tell you why. I was a young blood in those days, and a mackerel soaked for a month couldn't be any fresher than I was then. Not long after I went to the town I got acquainted with Wig. He took me over to see his girl one night, and introduced me. Before I went one of the boys said:

"'You'll like Samanth. If you want to make a good impression, don't be too formal. Act as if you'd known her for years, and she'll take to you.'

"Wig. and I went to the house. I saw at once that Miss Morris was a girl whose appetite must be good, and that she hadn't been raised on ice cream and cake. She brought out some of her old man's cider. That cider

wasn't intended for boys to tamper with. There was ten dollars or ten days in every two glasses of it. I didn't seem to get along with Miss Morris very well. I thought maybe I wasn't familiar enough. After I had drunk two glasses of that cider I made up my mind that I'd show her I didn't come there to put on airs. She sat by a window. It was in July, and the window was up. There was to be a festival in the Methodist Church. I walks over to where Samanth sat, and stood in front of her.

"Are you going to the festival, Samanth?" I said. Then I thought to myself, 'That's familiar enough to suit her, I guess,' and I smiled all over.

"Boys, Miss Morris got up like a jack-in-the-box. She swatted me on the side of the head with her flat hand. I dropped out of that window as if a coal train had struck me, and doubled up in a barrel of rain water that stood under the window. As I crawled out I saw Samantha leaning out of the window.

"Samanth, is it?" she yelled. 'You ever come 'round these diggin's again, an' I'll git you up a festival, an' you'll think they're crammin' ice cream down you red-hot.'

"I found afterward that Samantha was a little tender on being called Samanth, and the boys had played it on me.

"Well, Jim Archer set up his tin shop, and fell in love with Samantha Jane Morris. She was a blame good-looking girl, if she was a little particular, and her old man had the rocks. I felt sorry when Samantha shook Wig. Macomber and froze on to Jim, for Jim was a staving good fellow and one of the boys. He used to set up with us and take a hand in our little ten-cent ante, four shillings limit, and generally held his own.

"I remember a funny thing that came very near breaking up the match with Samantha. He sang in the choir of the Methodist church. One Saturday night we had been holding a session at poker a little later than usual,

but Jim went to church all right Sunday morning. The preacher was a flowery young rooster, and when he began to preach Jim fell into a doze. The preacher preached along, and grew eloquent. He began to describe a scene at day-break.

“‘See where it comes,’ he said, ‘the morning all aflush——’

“Jim woke up just then. He’d been dreaming, I s’pose.

“‘A flush?’ he said, loud enough to be heard all over the church. ‘A flush is good, old man; take the pot.’

“Jim saw where he was, and walked out. Samantha was there. She got mad, and it took Jim a good while to fix things with her. Then they got married. Wig. Macomber was all broke up over it, and he grew more solemn than ever.

“Poor Jim died a few months afterward. He left his widow \$300, some second-hand stoves, and other store goods. Maybe you won’t believe it, boys, but a year after that Wig. was engaged to Samantha again. Then Frank Lawson came to town, and went to tending bar at the tavern. He had a black moustache and the biggest watch chain I ever saw. Samantha met Frank at a picnic, and I hope to get shot if she didn’t break off with Wig. again, and she and Frank were engaged. Wig. was all bound up in that girl, and you can imagine how he felt.

“Well, sir, while Frank and Samantha were spooning, who should come to town but a young fellow named Will Wiggins. He was from Poughkeepsie, and went to clerking in a store in town. You may think I’m stretching it, but I’ll treat if he didn’t capture Samantha. After she had given Wig. the slip for Frank Lawson, Wig. wouldn’t speak to Frank, he felt so cut up. When Frank got the grand bounce, I remember seeing Wig. meet him in the street. He went up to Frank in his solemn way, and without a word shook hands with him and passed on. That was a comical sight, and no mistake.

"It wasn't long before it was noised about that Samantha and Wiggins were to be married. Frank Lawson went away, but Wig. stuck to it. Well, Samantha didn't marry Will Wiggins. He got full of beer one afternoon, and the boys put him to bed. He slept until nearly daylight next morning. He looked at his watch. It was half-past 5. He thought it was half-past 5 in the afternoon of the day he went to bed. He was to eat supper at Samantha's house at 6 o'clock the same afternoon. He dressed himself and hurried down to the house. He thought it was funny there weren't any lights in the house, but he knocked and banged at the door. Pretty soon a window was raised up stairs.

"'Who's that down there, and what are ye bangin' that door fur?'

"It was Samantha's mother's voice.

"'Why, I've come to supper,' said Will. 'Aint you well, Mrs. Morris?'

"Mrs. Morris came down stairs. She opened the front door. Mr. Wiggins found that Mrs. Morris was quite well. The match was broken off, and if you ever wanted to see a man get up and hop, all you had to do was to ask Will Wiggins to take supper with you.

"Now, see here, boys. I don't want you to be suspicious of what I'm going to tell you, for it's the ironclad truth, and if you ever go down in Ulster County they'll tell you the same. Wig. Macomber and Samantha Morris made up, and the old engagement was renewed. Wig. was as certain of her this time as he was of his dinner. I'm blamed if you couldn't get a smile out of him once in a while, and he went in the tavern one night and set 'em up for the boys. Wig. had an uncle named Parker—Job Parker—one of the jolliest old bachelors that ever lived. He wasn't much older than Wig. Macomber. He lived up the Rondout Creek, and had about \$25,000 stowed away. He had written Wig. a letter after each one of Wig.'s little

set backs with Samantha, kind of making fun of him. That rather riled Wig., and he thought he would get even with his uncle by inviting him down to see him married. Uncle Job didn't have much to do just then, and he came down a couple of weeks before the wedding day 'to kind o' get acquainted with his new relations,' he said. Boys, it's a solemn fact, and a hard one to believe, but if Wig.'s Uncle Job didn't cut him out with Samantha I hope to holler. Cut him out dead, and, more than that, married her.

"Disappointed? Wig. was all tore to strings. Talk about this young fellow up the river whose girl ran away with another man! Why, he'd think a soothing balm was running all over his heart if he should meet Wig. Macomber.

"I was confidential with Wig. in those days, and one day I went to him and told him to cheer up.

"'Uncle Job'll peg out one o' those days,' I said, 'and then why can't you tackle Samantha again?'

"Wig. sighed and shook his head. Then he said, as solemn as an owl:

"'No. It can't be done. Under any other circumstances I might wait. But I never could bring myself to marry my aunt.'

"I hadn't thought of that. His bride that was to be had become his aunt Samantha Jane!"

THE MARRIAGE OF SANTA CLAUS.

ANON.

Once Santa Claus sobered and said with a sigh,
 While a tear added lustre to each twinkling eye,
 "Oh! I'm getting so lonely and weary of life,
 I need a companion, or, better, a wife;
 But where could I find one to share my joy,
 And love, as I love, every girl and each boy."

He thought and he pondered, this jolly recluse,
Then he shouted, "I have it; 'tis Old Mother Goose."
He was off in a jiffy, he whistled, his sled
O'er the snow like the flight of a sky-rocket sped,
And his reindeer snorted, with heads high and haughty,
And trotted along at the rate of two-forty.
So he found the old lady, of course, very soon—
She had just returned from a trip to the moon,
And was fixing her cap, slightly mussed by the ride,
While the cobwebs were thick in the broom by her side.
She was old, she was weasened, she had a great nose,
Yet her eyes were as bright as the plumage of crows,
And her voice, tho' 'twas cracked, had a ring very sweet,
And her dress, tho' 'twas queer, was most awfully neat.
And Santa Claus blushed as he said, "How d'ye do?"
The dame courtesied low, and replied, "Sir, to you."
"Will you have me?" he prays; "my darling, confess."
She hesitates, murmurs, and then whispers, "Yes.
But my children!" she cries, with the usual pause.
"Why, children, I love 'em," said bluff Santa Claus.
"Bring 'em out—where are they? I want 'em!" cries he,
So forth troop they all in a great company.
First comes a fair maiden, and know her we should,
By the wolf and her granny—'tis Red Riding Hood;
While after them, fearfully blowing his horn,
Is Little Boy Blue on his way from the corn;
And the notes of the music he sweetly doth play,
Brings the piper's son Tom from the hills far away.
And then with a jump and a roll down the hill,
With pails and with water bounce poor Jack and Jill.
Their crowns were both broken, and help they implore
From Old Mother Hubbard and Margery Daw,
As well as a nameless man, tattered and torn,
Who is kissing and kissing a maiden forlorn.
And forth from her garden, in a way quite contrary,
With fruits and with flowers, comes sweet Mistress Mary:
Then Simon the Simple returns from the fair,
With the pie-man, most cautious in selling his ware;
While dragging their tails behind flock in the sheep

Of the wandering shepherdess Little Bo Peep.
 A very old woman lugs up a great shoe,
 And out jump her children, a boisterous crew ;
 Some sing and some dance, and some of them play
 "The Mulberry Bush" and "Rain, rain go away."
 But one little boy slinks off in a corner
 And munches a pie—'tis greedy Jack Horner ;
 While poor Tommy Tucker expects some in vain,
 And bewails his fate with Tom Grace, who's in pain.
 But music has charms, and they list to the song
 Of that jolly musician the young Richard Long.
 Then Old King Cole and his fiddlers three
 Bring up the rear of this vast company ;
 "They are just what I want," shouts old Santa Claus ;
 Mother Goose and her children ring out their applause.
 "Now all jump aboard—our new home we'll explore ;
 On my sled there has ever been 'room for one more.'"
 With shouts and with laughter they tumbled within,
 And wrapped buffalo robes close beneath every chin ;
 The reindeer they galloped, the moon shone out bright
 As they hurried along in its soft silver light ;
 And the fat, jolly driver chuckled often in glee
 At the sight of his wife and his vast family.
 And the songs of the children rang out in the air
 As they journeyed along, disregarding all care,
 Till they reached the great palace and thro' it to roam,
 And forever be happy within their new home.

LITTLE JOHNNY ON DOGS.

From the San Francisco Wasp.

One day there was a feller bot a dog of a man in the market, and the dog it was a biter. After it had bit the feller four or five times, he threw a clothesline over its neck, and led it back to the dog man in the market, and he said to the dog man, the feller did: "Ole man, dident you use to have this dog?" The dog man he loked at

the dog, and then he thot awhile, and then he said: "Well, yes, I had him about half the time, and the other half he had me." Then the feller he was fewrious mad, and he said: "Wot did you sell me sech a dog as thisin for?" And the old man he spoke up and sed: "For four dollars and seventy-five cents, loffe money." Then the feller he gussed he wude go home, if the dog was willing. Uncle Ned, which has been in Indy and everywhere, he says the Mexican dogs don't have no hair on 'em. Dogs howl loudern cats, but cats is more purry, and can wok on top of a fence and blow up their tail like a bloon when they want to spit.

 THE REAPER'S DREAM.

THOS. BUCHANAN READ.

The road was lone; the grass was dank
 With night-dews on the briery bank
 Whereon a weary reaper sank.
 His garb was old; his visage tanned;
 The rusty sickle in his hand
 Could find no work in all the land

He saw the evening's chilly star
 Above his native vale afar;
 A moment on the horizon's bar
 It hung, then sank, as with a sigh;
 And there the crescent moon went by,
 An empty sickle down the sky.

To soothe his pain Sleep's tender palm
 Laid on his brow its touch of balm;
 His brain received the slumberous calm;
 And soon that angel without name,
 Her robe a dream, her face the same,
 The giver of sweet visions came.

She touched his eyes; no longer sealed,

THE REAPER'S DREAM.

They saw a troop of reapers wield
Their swift blades in a ripened field.
At each thrust of their snowy sleeves
A thrill ran through the future sheaves,
Rustling like rain on forest leaves.

They were not brawny men who bowed,
With harvest voices rough and loud,
But spirits, moving as a cloud.
Like little lightnings in their hold
The silver sickles manifold
Shid musically through the gold.

O, bid the morning stars combine
To match the chorus clear and fine,
That rippled lightly down the line,—
A cadence of celestial rhyme,
The language of that cloudless clime,
To which their shining hands kept time!

Behind them lay the gleaming rows,
Like those long clouds the sunset shows
On amber meadows of repose;
But, like a wind, the binders bright
Soon followed in their mirthful might
And swept them into sheaves of light.

Doubling the splendor of the plain
There rolled the great celestial wain
To gather in the fallen grain.
Its frame was built of golden bars;
Its glowing wheels were lit with stars;
The royal Harvest's car of cars.

The snowy yoke that drew the load
On gleaming hoofs of silver trode;
And music was its only goad.
To no command of word or beck
It moved, and felt no other check
Than one white arm laid on the neck,—

The neck, whose light was overwound
With bells of lilies, ringing round

Their odors till the air was drowned ;
The starry foreheads meekly borne,
With garlands looped from horn to horn,
Shone like the many-colored morn.

The field was cleared. Home went the bands,
Like children, linking happy hands,
While singing through their father's lands ;
Or, arms about each other thrown,
With amber tresses backward blown,
They moved as they were music's own.

The vision brightened more and more,
He saw the garner's glowing door,
And sheaves, like sunshine, strew the floor,—
The floor was jasper,—golden flails,
Swift-sailing as a whirlwind sails,
Throbbled mellow music down the vale.

He saw the mansion,—all repose,—
Great corridors and porticos,
Propped with the columns, shining rows ;
And these—for beauty was the rule—
The polished pavements, hard and cool,
Redoubled, like a crystal pool.

And there the odorous feast was spread ;
The fruity fragrance widely shed
Seemed to the floating music wed.
Seven angels, like the Pleiad seven,
Their lips to silver clarions given,
Blew welcome round the walls of heaven.

In skyeey garments, silky thin,
The glad retainers floated in
A thousand forms, and yet no din ;
And from the visage of the Lord,
Like splendor from the Orient poured,
A smile illumined all the board.

Far flew the music's circling sound ;
Then floated back, with soft rebound,
To join, not mar, the converse round,—

Sweet notes, that, melting, still increased,
Such as ne'er cheered the bridal feast
Of King in the enchanted East.

Did any great door ope or close,
It seemed the birth-time of repose,
The faint sound died where it arose;
And they who passed from door to door,
Their soft feet on the polished floor
Met their soft shadows,—nothing more.

Then once again the groups were drawn
Through corridors, or down the lawn,
Which bloomed in beauty like a dawn.
Where countless fountains leapt alway,
Veiling their silver heights in spray,
The choral people held their way.

There, midst the brightest, brightly shone
Dear forms he loved in years agone,—
The earliest loved,—the earliest frown.
He heard a mother's sainted tongue,
A sister's voice, who vanished young,
While one still dearer sweetly sung!

No further might the scene unfold;
The gazer's voice could not withhold;
The very rapture made him bold;
He cried aloud, with clasped hands,
"O happy fields! O happy bands!
Who reap the never-failing lands.

"O master of these broad estates,
Behold, before your very gates
A worn and wanting laborer waits!
Let me but toil amid your grain,
Or be a gleaner on the plain,
So I may leave these fields of pain!

"A gleaner, I will follow far,
With never look or word to mar,
Behind the Harvest's yellow car;
All day my hand shall constant be,

And every happy eve shall see
The precious burden borne to thee!"

At morn some reapers neared the place,
Strong men, whose feet recoiled apace;
Then gathered round the upturned face,
They saw the lines of pain and care,
Yet read in the expression there
The look as of an answered prayer.

MR. SPOOPENDYKE'S BATHING DRESS.

From Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke.

STANLEY HUNTLEY.

"My dear," observed Mr. Spoopendyke, looking up from his paper, "I think I would be greatly benefited this summer by sea baths. Bathing in the surf is an excellent tonic, and if you will make me up a suit, and one for yourself, if you like, we'll go down often and take a dip in the waves."

"The very thing," smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke, "you certainly need something to tone you up, and there's nothing like salt water. I think I'll make mine of blue flannel, and, let me see, yours ought to be red, my dear."

"I don't think you caught the exact drift of my remark," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "I didn't say I was going into the opera business, or that I was going to hire out to some country village as a conflagration. My plan was to go in swimming, Mrs. Spoopendyke, to go in swimming, and not grow up with the country as a cremation furnace. You can make yours of blue, if you want it, but you don't make mine of red, that's all."

"There's a pretty shade of yellow flannel——"

"Most indubitably, Mrs. Spoopendyke, but if you think I'm going to masquerade around Manhattan Beach in the capacity of a ham, you haven't yet seized my idea. I don't apprehend that I shall benefit by the waters any

more by going around looking like a Santa Cruz rum brel. What I want is a bathing suit, and if you can't get one up without making me look like a Fulton Street car, I'll go and buy something to suit me."

"Would you want it all in one piece, or do you want pants and blouse?"

"I want a suit easy to get in and out of. I'm not particular about following the fashion. Make up something neat, plain, and substantial, but don't stick any fancy colors into it. I want it modest and serviceable."

Mrs. Spoopendyke made up the suit, under the guidance of a lady friend, whose aunt had told her how it should be constructed. It was in one piece, and when completed was rather a startling garment.

"I'll try it on to-night," said Mr. Spoopendyke, eying it askance when it was handed him.

Before retiring, Mr. Spoopendyke examined the suit, and then began to get into it.

"Why didn't you make some legs to it? What d'ye want to make it all arms for?" he inquired, struggling around to see why it didn't come up behind.

"You've got it on sideways," exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You've got one leg into the sleeve."

"I've got to get it on sideways. There ain't any top to it. Don't you know enough to put the arms up where they belong? What d'ye think I am anyhow? A starfish? Where does this leg go?"

"Right in there. That's the place for that leg."

"Then where's the leg that goes in this hole?"

"Why, the other leg."

"The measly thing's all legs. Who'd you make this thing for, me? What d'ye take me for, a centipede? Who else is going to get in here with me? I want somebody else. I ain't twins. I can't fill this business up. What d'ye call it, any way; a family machine?"

"Those other places ain't legs; they're sleeves."

"What are they doing down there? Why ain't they up here where they belong? What are they there for, snow-shoes? S'pose I'm going to stand on my head to get my arms in those holes?"

"I don't think you've got it on right," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It looks twisted."

"That's the way you told me. You said, 'put this leg here and that one there,' and there they are. Now, where does the rest of me go?"

"I made it according to the pattern," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Then it's all right, and it's me that's twisted," sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "I'll have my arms and legs altered. All I want is to have my legs jammed in the small of my back and my arms stuck in my hips; then it'll fit. What did you take for a pattern, a crab? Where'd you find the lobster you made this thing from? S'pose I'm going into the water on all fours? I told you I wanted a bathing suit, didn't I? Did I say anything about a chair cover?"

"I think if you take it off and try it on over again, it'll work," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh! of course. I've only got to humor the gasted thing. That's all it wants." And Mr. Spoopendyke wrenched it off with a growl.

"Now, pull it on," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.

Mr. Spoopendyke went at it again, and reversed the original order of disposing his limbs.

"Suit you now?" he howled. "That the way you meant it to go? What's these things flopping around here?"

"Those are the legs, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, dejectedly.

"What are they doing up here? Oh, I see. This is suppose to represent me making a dive. When I get this on, I'm going head first. Where's the balance? Where's the rest? Give me the suit that represents me head up." And Mr. Spoopendyke danced around the room in fury.

"Just turn it over, my dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke "and you are all right."

"How'm I going to turn it over?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "S'pose I'm going to carry around a steam boiler to turn me over when I want the other end of this thing up? S'pose I'm going to hire a man to go around with a griddle spoon and turn me over like a flapjack, just to please this dod-gasted bathing suit? D'ye think I work on pivots?"

"Just take it off and put it on the other way," urged Mrs. Spoopendyke, who began to see her way clear.

Mr. Spoopendyke kicked the structure up to the ceiling, and plunged into it once more. This time it came out all right, and as he buttoned it up and surveyed himself in the glass, the clouds passed away, and he smiled.

"I like it," he remarked, "the color suits me, and I think you have done very well, my dear; only," and he frowned slightly, "I wish you would mark the arms and legs so I can distinguish one from the other, or some day I will present the startling spectacle of a respectable elderly gentleman hopping around the beach upside down. That's all."

MR. SPOOPENDYKE IN THE SURF.

From Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke.

STANLEY HUNTLEY.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he stepped out of his bathing house, and thumped on the door of the one occupied by Mrs. Spoopendyke, "are you ready? We must hurry into the water and out again or we won't get through in time for dinner."

Mrs. Spoopendyke emerged, bent almost double and shivering with the cold.

"Isn't it rather chilly?" she asked.

"Not at all, Mrs. Spoopendyke, not at all; the air is rather cool, but the water is warm. If you are going with me you want to move along."

As they reached the beach, Mr. Spoopendyke left his wife and boldly strode into the surf. A wave broke over him, filling his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth, and then he strode out.

"What're ye standing there for, eh?" he demanded. "What do ye take yourself for; a lighthouse? Did ye come down here to take a bath, or are ye waiting for some ship to tie up to you? What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"I'm afraid of the waves," whimpered Mrs. Spoopendyke, "they's so big."

"Oh, they're too big for you, ain't they?" retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Wait till I get a man to saw off a little one. Better get measured for one to suit, hadn't you? It's the big waves you want, I tell you. Look here!" And Mr. Spoopendyke marched boldly into the sea again. He turned his face toward the shore and beckoned to his wife. Another wave caught him and landed him high and tripping on the beach.

"Why didn't ye come when I called ye? What d'ye want to make me walk all the way up here after you for?" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke. "Are you waiting to be launched like a ship? Can't ye walk as far that? What are ye hoisting up the legs of your pants for? They ain't skirts. Now, look at me. See how I go in, and you follow me when I beckon you. Watch me now."

Mr. Spoopendyke plunged in and swashed around a few minutes in safety, but the treacherous water was biding its time. Another wave caught him and rolled him over, pumped itself into his stomach, drew him under, whirled him around, and finally deposited him, howling, on the sand.

"Got most ready to get in?" he jerked out, as he

climbed up himself and assumed a perpendicular ~~position~~.
"Think I'm going to slam around all day like a water spout, waiting for you? What did you come here for? Find any fun standing here like a soda-water sign? Why don't you get in the water, if you're going to? Come on now."

"I'm afraid," snivelled Mrs. Spoopendyke. "If I go in I know I will be drowned."

"No you won't get drowned, either. Can't you hold on to me? What did you put on that shirt and trousers for if you meant to get drowned? What are you doing around here? Now, when I get in again, you come along or else you go home."

Mr. Spoopendyke plunged into the surf, but as he came up he missed the rope. For a second or two he sprawled around and then began to yell. Mrs. Spoopendyke eyed him for a moment, and then her fear for him overcame her fears for herself, and with a yell she dashed in and hauled him out by the hair.

"Dod gast the water," choked Mr. Spoopendyke, "I'm full of the measly stuff. So ye got in, didn't ye? Let go my hair, will ye? What d'ye think you are, anyway, a steam barber's shop? Going to let go that hair some time?" But frightened out of all reason, Mrs. Spoopendyke clung still, and hauled Mr. Spoopendyke to his bathing house.

"Oh, if I hadn't saved you!" she sobbed.

"Oh, yes, you saved me, didn't you?" sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "All you want is four air-tight compartments and two sets of thole pins to be a patent life raft. Going to let go of that hair?"

And as she released him they went to their separate compartments.

THE LAST RIDE.

DAVID L. FROUDTIE

Our turn at last. Now, Roland, go!
 A triumph waits for us, you know.
 The clown looks on with hard grimace
 Upon his leering painted face;
 The tyrant of the ring walks round
 And cracks his whip with pistol sound;
 The crowd applauds—now faster yet,
 With gallop and with pirouette!
 Our blood is up, we know no fear,
 A whirlwind in our mad career!
 My horse and I, away we go!—
 What pain is this that chills me so?

A pain that always comes to me
 With bitter envy when I see
 A maiden fair, with shining hair,
 Like yonder girl that nestles there,
 And looks up to her lover's face
 With wistful eyes and tender grace.

Alas! for me no eyes are fond,
 I hold no heart in silken bond,
 I have no part with love or tears,
 No mother cares, no tender fears;
 I have no joy this trade above,
 I am a thing no man will love,
 A circus-rider bold and free—
 Unsexed! unloved! unwomanly!

Ho! bring the flags, balloons and rings!
 I'll cut a dash for all the stings
 That lash me when I see the sight
 Of lover's eyes with love alight!
 Yon maiden's innocent young heart
 Some day with bitter wounds shall smart;
 She yet shall know that lover's vows
 The cause of shame and death espouse;
 Or, if she live to be a wife,

That love grown cold is death in life.
 Away ! My gallant steed. Away !
 What care we for such trivial play ?
 Blow, trumpets, with your brazen throats !
 One sky o'er all the wide world floats !

One sky ? My world is in this tent,
 My sky is canvas, somewhat rent
 And soiled with handling—so am I.
 What know I of the clear blue sky ?
 How would these gaping idiots stare
 To see me make a dash for air,
 And ride straight out of yonder door
 All heedless of what lies before ?
 Out in the moon's clear silver light,
 Out in the cool fresh air of night,
 Away from all the senseless din,
 The garish lights, the painted sin,
 The crashing thunder of the band,
 Into the peace of some new land.

There is no such ! and nothing new
 Will come for aught that I can do.
 New, unknown lands are for the dead,
 And in this tent I win my bread ;
 And bread is life, and life is long,
 And must be lived by weak and strong.

Look, lover's eyes, for what you prize,
 Into each other's love-lit eyes !
 Be merry if you can, I know
 What fools you are, but even so,
 I envy you the happy lot
 Of being fooled—as I am not.

But if my chance in life had been
 To be a maiden fair, w'xhin
 A home made beautiful and bright
 With peace and plenty, then I might,
 Perhaps, have known what love can do,
 To sanctify the favored few ;

My heart might then have known the bliss,
 Of leaning to a lover's kiss;
 Of looking up with maiden grace,
 Into a lover's strong, bright face,
 Of finding hope and joy and rest
 Upon a tender, manly breast. * * *

Now, for the hurdles. Roland, see,
 They've laid out work for you and me!
 You are the lover that I prize!
 Fire flashes from your splendid eyes!
 Once, twice around, once more, and then—
 Well done, sir; bravo! once again!
 With you I'd ride at fate outright,
 And jump the gates of Death at sight!

Good horse, well sprung, now dash away!
 I do not care, in this wild play,
 For all that my hard life has cost,
 For all the things that I have lost,
 For aught that grim mischance can bring,
 For life, or love, or anything!
 Away, away! my gallant steed,
 With clattering hoof and lightning speed;
 And show to staring dunce and dolt,
 How flies a living thunderbolt!

* * * * *

So weak and faint! What hurts me so?
 What was that whispering sad and low?
 What ghostly faces did I see?
 What far off music came to me,
 Like wailing dirges for the dead?
 What mountains rest upon my head?
 What river rushes dark and drear?
 What dashing waves are those I hear?
 Dreams!—But I am not dreaming now,
 Helpless and weak and crushed—but how?

A thousand eyes were on me there,
 A thousand voices filled the air,

MISS ALMA DESART.

And shouts that stirred the flags unfurled,
 And then a crash that shook the world ;
 That thrust me down from life and light
 Into a dim and dreadful night
 Of phantom shapes and sounds of fear—
 Ah, yes, I know, I'm dying here !

Dying ? And Roland, too, is dead ?
 I would have gladly died instead.
 My splendid horse ! And there was none
 For me to love but him—not one.
 Dying ? And Roland dead ! Then I
 Have nothing left to do but die.

Only a girl's face, fond and fair,
 But yet it drove me to despair
 And made me reckless, mad and wild.
 But it was not her fault, poor child,
 Why, that is she ! Kneel by me here
 And pray to God for me, my dear,
 I had no lover, child or friend,
 But rode my best unto the end,
 For that was all I had to do.
 Life came with sweeter gifts to you.
 Pray for me !—It is cold and dark—
 Can that be Roland neighing—Hark !
 Yes, I am coming, Roland, see,
 They're waiting there for you and me.

 MISS ALMA DESART.

Miss Alma Desart was presumably smart,
 A being of Boston extraction ;
 She doted on art, and was up in her part
 As a very æsthetic attraction.

I ne'er can forget that the first time we met,
 When wearied I came from the bureau,
 She said I resembled her dear Tintoret—
 "So full of *chiaro oscuro*."

'Twas flattering, quite, to be judged in this light—
 Æsthetics oft make us receptive—

So I sat very near her that beautiful night
 And worshiped her charming perspective.

She once grew so fine over sculpture divine,
 And her eyes wore so sweet an expression,
 It was hard to decline, as her glances met mine,
 To make a most tender confession.

Yet somehow I found, as the weeks rolled around,
 I could not get on with my mission ;
 For just as I'd enter on definite ground
 She'd talk of Del Sarto or Titian.

Become more astute, as I hurried my suit,
 I saw her grow fondly fantastic,
 But felt she could smile on most any hirsute
 Who had done something ugly—and plastic.

Then, in feeling my chains, I in passionate strains
 Wrote of love which was true, if not mystic ;
 And this the reply I received for my pains,
 " Your offer is highly artistic."

I took in good part her instructions in art,
 And of precept she never was chary ;
 But the single sensation she left in my heart
 Was a disinclination to marry.

It may be her conduct was not well advised,
 Though malice I never can harbor ;
 Yet I will confess I was somewhat surprised
 When she wedded an artist—a barber.

LARRIE O'DEE.

From the Independent.

W. W. FINE.

Now the Widow McGee
 And Larrie O'Dee
 Had two little cottages out on the green,
 With just enough room for two pig-pens between.

The widow was young and the widow was fair,
 With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair;
 And it frequently chanced, when she came in the morn,
 With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the corn,
 And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand
 In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning, said he :

“ Och ! Misthress McGee,

It's a washte of good lumber, this runnin' two rigs,
 Wid a fancy partition betwane our two pigs !”

“ Indade, sure it is !” answered Widow McGee,

With the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie O'Dee.

“ And thin it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane

Kapin' two frindly pigs so exsadingly near

That whinever one grunts thin the other can hear,

And yit keep a crael partition betwane !”

“ Shwate Widow McGee !”

Answered Larrie O'Dee,

“ If ye fale in your heart we are mane to the pigs,

An't we mane to ourselves to be runnin' two rigs ?

Och ! It made me heart ache when I paped through the cracks

Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez shwingin' yer axe,

An' a-bobbin' yer head, an' a-sthompin' yer fate,

Wid yer purty white hands juast as red as a bate.

A-sphlittin' yer kindlin'-wood out in the shtorm,

Whin one little shtove it would kape us both warm !”

“ Now, piggy,” said she,

“ Larrie's courtin' me,

Wid his delicate, tunder allusions to you ;

So now yez musht tell me juast what I must do,

For, if I'm to say yes, shtir the shwill wid yer shnout ;

But if I'm to say no, yez musht kape yer nose out.

Now, Larrie, for shame ! to be bribin' a pig

By a-tossin' a handful of corn in its shwig !”

“ Me darling, the piggy says yes,” answered he,

And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

MR. CAUDLE'S HAT.

ANON.

A CAUDLE LECTURE REVERSED.

Now, Mrs. Caudle, I should like to know what has become of my hat? Here I've been hunting all over the house, and lost ten minutes that should have been given to the Mutual Life Insurance Co. Now, I say what have you done with that hat? *You haven't seen it?* Of course I never do see it. Frank, go and get my hat; and you, fetch me my cane. What's that! *You can't find the hat?* Now, Mrs. Caudle, I should like to know why you will persist in training your children in such a heedless manner? He can't find my hat! To be sure not; can he, if you don't teach him how to look? Didn't I give it in the kitchen when I went there last night after something to eat? *How should you know?* I say it's my business to know, and to have my things ready for the morning, and not have me losing so much time. *you have too much else to do?* Of course you have! I have three servants and two children! *Be calm?* Oh, I will be calm! You see I am calm, and if you would be so, I should have been able to find my hat long ago instead of staying here to listen to your excuses, when I ought to be down town attending to business. I wonder how you expect I'm to keep this house going, if I'm to be kept waiting here for my hat. What! *how can you find it?* How can you help it! Why, madam, it's the easiest thing in the world! It's simply this modern management. Now, do you suppose things would go on in this way if you would only see that articles are in the right place? but, I suppose, you haven't got time to do so even! Of course not. Well, there is no use talking, just go to the office bareheaded. *Your bonnet, madam?* My bonnet! But why should I be surprised—why should I be surprised if you should offer me your skirts also, when I seem to have lost all authority in this house! *It's*

not your fault? And pray, then, whose fault is it? I will repeat it over twenty times, if you wish it—whose fault is it? What! *the servants'?* No, ma'am, I tell you you are mistaken; it is not the servants'—it is your fault. wonder who oversees the servants—who, ma'am, but you? Then, clearly, it's your fault that I can't find my hat. [Sits down.] Well, it's no use talking, I shan't go to the office to-day, and you, ma'am, shan't go to Newport—d'ye hear? It's no use asking; you shan't go. You needn't suppose I'm going to be deprived of my hat like this, and then allow you to spend my money at Newport. No, ma'am; I'm no such fool as all that comes to. No—no, ma'am; here I am, and here I'll stay all day, ma'am, and—eh! What! *You wish I wouldn't talk so much?* I tell you I will talk—I'll talk all day, if I please, and smoke, too—d'ye hear that? I'll smoke in the dining-room, and—yes—I'll smoke in the parlor; I'll scent the curtains, and smoke all over the house!

Here (says Mrs. Caudle) the horrid wretch was about putting his odious precept into practice, when Jane came in with his hat, having found it in a corner of the large oak-tree chair on the back stoop.

THE DESERTER.

A. MATHEWSON.

Well! and supposin' he did desert?

What's that to thee, surly Dan?

Thou'st no lads in thine own cot,

Or thou would'st not talk so, my man!

But stop till thou'st heard it all out, Dan—

Till you know how it ended down there,

And you won't blame the lad nor the widow,

When you hear what they both had to bear!

I was down at the cottage this morning,

When the soldiers marched up to the door,

And they said as they'd got the Queen's orders
To take away Georgie once more !

And in they all come, the Queen's soldiers,
With their handcuffs for poor George's wrists ;
The Queen's got more right than the mother—
Neither him nor his mother resists !

Poor lad ! he warn't fit for a soldier,
With his nineteen years only just told ;
He was mad with his loss when he 'listed,
And his life, for a shilling, he sold !

Yes, sergeant, he'll "stick to his bargain ;"
He's there, in the room at the back,
And, as truly as bloodhounds, ye've scented
And followed the lad on his track !

But he starv'd for a week in the marshes
Afore he crawl'd in at that door ;
An' weary, broke down, an' half dying,
He dropp'd, fainting dropp'd, on the floor !

So step gently, sergeant, step gently,
For God's sake, men, don't let your guns clank,
And the mothers who bore ye and nurs'd ye,
For this mother's sake shall ye thank !

And the big-bearded men laid their muskets
Alongside the old cottage wall ;
And we, all of us, went in so softly
You couldn't ha' heard a footfall.

And there she was bent o'er his pillow,
Her face hiding his from our sight,
And her hands in his black hair soft twining,
And looking like dead hands, so white !

The sergeant's hand plac'd on her shoulder,
The sergeant's voice whispering low,
Made her start, made her rise, made the hot tears
Adown her pale face quickly flow !

"What will ye?" she wailed. "Want ye Georgie,
Come ye me and my poor lad between?"

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

"He must," says the sergeant, "go with us :
He belongs to his country, his Queen !"

"Stand off ! he is mine, come not near him !
He has breath'd in these arms his last breath ;
No Queen nor no army can claim him,
He belongs to his mother, and death !"

An' my heart a'most stopp'd in its beating, !
As I look'd on the widow's white cheek,
While the soldiers with bent heads stepp'd backwards,
And the sergeant in vain tried to speak !

The light in his young eyes were darkened,
His voice with death's silence was dumb.
Never more, Dan, shall poor Georgie answer
Friend, mother, or trumpet, or drum !

Once more she cried out, "Get ye gone, men !
Your comrade no longer does heed
Your words, or your threats, or your lashes—
My poor lad from his oath death has freed !"

An' she fell on her knees by his bedside,
And kiss'd the dead face o'er and o'er.
Thou needn't be 'sham'd o' thy tears, Dan,
Let 'em come, if they ne'er come afore !

It was said as young Georgie had 'scap'd them ;
So he has ; the Queen's order is nought.
No laws nor court martials can touch him,
The Lord his discharge, Dan, has bought.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

WOLFE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,

By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him !

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we knew by the distant random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone in his glory.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN.

A BALLAD OF NEWPORT.

From the Providence Journal.

ANON.

There's a little old woman lives over the way,
In a gambrel-roofed cottage unpainted and gray,
And where the brown grapevine is climbing across,
The shingles are covered with patches of moss.

By the wood fire-side, in the winter she sits
In a list-bottomed rocker, and sings as she knits
In a quavering voice with a tremulous croon,
And the click of her needle keeps time to the tune.

Her Bible she reads, slowly turning the leaves,
And she garners bright grain from its beautiful sheaves;
And the tears dim her eyes as she lifts them on high
In search of her treasure laid up in the sky.

In her best Sunday gown, whether ailing or well,
She trots to her meeting at sound of the bell.
And she sits in her pew like a wren on a perch,
This little gray dame in a Puritan church.

Our very old people remember, they think,
When her hair was as glossy and black as a mink,
And her cheeks red as roses, her teeth white as pearls,
And this little old woman the fairest of girls.

She had a dear lover, alack and a day!
A sailor who sailed from the beautiful bay;
And the summers may blush and the winters may pale,
But their sun never shines on his home coming sail.

At a little round table from over the sea,
She sits at the sunset and pours out her tea,
And the delicate cup and the saucer are white
As a floating pond lily, just kissed by the light.

And a ship under sail, with its flag at the mast,
All laden with memories brought from the past,
Is painted upon them as life-like and fair
As the mirage that floats in the orient air.

His ship that he sailed in, his sweetheart to wed,
By others forgotten—the sunset grows red—
But the little old woman just murmurs a prayer,
And smiles as she knows that her lover is there.

But a day will soon come when the lilac's perfume
Through the half open window will float through the room,
And the house will be quiet and she be at rest.
With a single white rose on her motionless breast.

And the angels will come with their glittering wings,
 While the parson he prays, and the choir it sings,
 And bear to the home that is fairer than day
 The little old woman from over the way.

A LITTLE CRUTCH.

From the Pittsburgh Commercial.

ANON.

A widow—she had only one,
 A puny and decrepit son ;
 But day and night,
 Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
 A loving child, he was her all—
 The widow's mite.

The widow's mite—ay, so sustained,
 She battled onward, nor complained,
 Though friends were fewer ;
 And while she toiled for daily fare,
 A little crutch upon the stair
 Was music to her.

I saw her then— and now I see
 That, though resigned and cheerful, she
 Has sorrowed much ;
 She has—He gave it tenderly—
 Much faith ; and carefully laid by
 A little crutch.

THE IMPOSSIBLE WOMAN.

From Once a Month.

ANON.

Calmly looking on at the unseemly controversy now raging between the sexes, and gathering from the current literature what man expects from woman, we fear there is nothing in store but failure on the one side and disappointment on the other. In the first place, the being that

man describes as a helpmeet for him is not to be found on earth—was not found in Paradise, amid the innocence, freshness and beauty of the first creation. In early ages of the world the sons of God became enamored of the daughters of men; the reverse is now the case—the sons of men are aspiring, in theory at least, to the angels of heaven. The impossible woman, that every man seeks for, and none ever finds, is an angel—not only a perfect being, but a compound of all perfections. She must be richly dowered, but know nothing of the value or vulgarity of wealth; she must be young, yet have all the wisdom of age; beautiful, yet totally unconscious of her charms; prudent, but not penurious; modest, but not a prude; clever and accomplished, but innocent and unassuming; she must have brains, but not in excess; her intellect must always remain exactly five degrees lower than her husband's, so as to avoid the inconvenience and confusion that would naturally ensue if hers ever rose to a point above his, and unhappily allowed him to feel for an instant an uncomfortable sense of inferiority.

Such is man's idea of a perfect woman, and with such he might drain to the dregs the cup of human happiness; but, failing in this, he is a poor, disappointed creature, wounded in heart, soured in disposition, and tossed like a derelict ship to and fro on the ocean of life. We are not now going into man's character or man's merits, nor disputing his right to such a partner, if he can by any chance meet with her. We should be the first to offer our congratulations on so felicitous a union, and pray that this even balance might be preserved to the end of their days, and, when their final hour approached, that death itself might not divide them. We simply assert that such a being is not to be found—that this impossible woman does not exist. The immortal soul of man yearns after the beautiful, the good, the true; and suffering, sad humanity answers him with sorrow, weakness and imperfec-

tion. He feels that virtue, after all, is the right thing; and if he cannot have it in himself—cannot just live up to the mark that he ought to attain to—he thinks it highly desirable that some one should. He can enjoy the virtue that is achieved by practice and self-denial in another, and, in some incoherent way, expects some part of the blessing to fall on his head and attend his steps. Doomed to disappointment, he would cover his own delinquencies by heaping reproaches upon woman.

Many a man starts upon his wedding tour with the firm conviction that an angel is his traveling companion—that he has found the impossible woman who has condescended to cast her lot with his, who regards her idol with blind admiration. But, even in the midst of the bridal feast, how often has a man's hand written on the wall, "weighed in the balance and found wanting," and the man upbraids the angel for not possessing qualities that never existed save in his own distorted brain! Putting, then, the impossible woman aside, let man, with due caution and a prudent regard to consequences, seek the possible, looking first for a warm heart and a clear head, and as much amiability, beauty, youth and money as he can combine with them; let him keep the heart warm by love and tenderness, and develop the sense and judgment by respect and confidence; and if she should happen to have a preponderance of intellect—which, with all due respect to manly power, is the case *sometimes*—let him regard that priceless quality not in a spirit of mean, petty rivalry, but as a gift from Heaven, a joint possession, by which both may be better, both wiser and happier. Whatever sense they have between them, they will want it all. Life's journey is long, life's burden is great; let them be satisfied to beguile the one and share the other—content if, step by step and side by side, they can move along together, and thankful if a gleam of sunshine *sometimes* falls upon their path.

JESSIE BROWN AT LUCKNOW.

G. VANDENHOFF.

O'er Lucknow's wall bursts war's red thunder storm,
 Round Lucknow's wall infuriate demons swarm;
 Lucknow, with men where tender women share
 The siege's horrors, battling 'gainst despair;
 Where a brave few 'gainst baffled myriads strive,
 Sworn not to yield, while but one man survive!
 Fell hunger wastes their strength; nearer, each day,
 The deadly mine works its insidious way;—
 On all sides Death stares in their doomed eyes,
 Still each with each in patient courage vies:—
 A few hours more must end their agonies!

A Scottish lassie, sair wi' toil oppressed,
 Wrapt in her plaid, sinks down, worn out, to rest,
 And says, with mind half-crazed, "Pray call me now,
 As soon as Father comes home from the plough."
 By night and day, with rare, unwearied zeal,
 She's cheered the soldiers, brought their scanty meal,
 Borne orders to the walls, the wounded nursed,
 With words of comfort slaked their dying thirst:—
 Now, lies she hushed amid the battle's din,
 And sleeps, as if on earth there were no sin!
 In dreams she wanders o'er her native hills,
 Lured by the strain that Scotia's children thrills;
 And, as the much-loved notes all faintly rise,
 They seem an angel-whisper from the skies!
 Sudden, she starts from sleep, throws up her arms,
 And listens, eager, through the war's alarms!
 What new-born transport lights her sunken eye,
 Flushing her pallid cheek with ecstasy?
 Entranced awhile she stands, like one inspired,
 Then, wild, as if by sudden frenzy fired,
 "We're saved!" she cries; "we're saved! It is nae dream;
 The Highland slogan! listen to its scream!"—
 Then to the batteries with swift step she ran,
 And, in a tone that thrills each drooping man,

"Courage!" she cries, "Heav'n sends us help at last,
 Hark to M'Gregor's slogan on the blast!"
 The soldiers cease their fire; all hold their breath,
 Spell-bound and fixed, a pause of life or death!
 Each nerve they strain, to catch the promised sound,—
 In vain! The red artillery thunders round;
 Naught else! Still Jessie cries in accents clear—
 'The slogan's ceased; but, hark! dinna ye hear
 The Campbell's pibroch swell upon the breeze?
 They're coming! hark!"—then, falling on her knees,
 "We're saved!" she cries, "we're saved? Oh, thanks to God!"
 And, fainting, sinks upon the blood-stained sod.

'Tis no girl's dream; for, swelling on the gale,
 M'Gregor's pibroch pours its piercing wail;
 That shrill, that thrilling sound, half threat, half woe,
 Speaks life to us, destruction to the foe;
 Loud and more loud it grows, till strong and clear,
 "Should auld acquaintance" rings upon the ear:
 By solemn impulse moved, the whole host there,
 Bowed in the dust, and breathed a silent prayer;
 Poured out their thanks to God in grateful tears;
 Then sprang to arms, and rent the air with cheers;
 The loyal English cheer "God save the Queen,"
 The bagpipes answered with "For auld lang syne!"
 The Seventy-eighth it is! the gallant band
 Brings news that HAVELOCK is close at hand,—
 The chief that never failed in hour of need,
 Patient and sure, faithful in word and deed!
 With glad embraces, sowed and saviours meet,
 Long parted comrades, comrades gaily greet;
 From every lip, on Jessie blessings pour,
 Sibyl of hope, and heroine of the hour!

 MAUD MÜLLER.

Maud Müller, on a summer's day,
 Raked the meadow, sweet with hay.
 Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth

 J. G. WHITTIER.
 

Of simple beauty and rustic health.
 Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
 The mocking-bird echoed from his tree.
 But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
 White from its hill-slope looking down,
 The sweet song died ; and a vague unrest
 And a nameless longing filled her breast—
 A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
 For something better than she had known !

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
 Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
 He drew his bridle in the shade
 Of the apple-trees to greet the Maid,
 And ask a draught, from the spring that flowed
 Through the meadows across the road.
 She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
 And filled for him her small tin cup ;
 And blushed as she gave it, looking down
 On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
 "Thanks !" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
 From a fairer hand was never quaffed."
 He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
 Of the singing birds, and the humming bees ;
 Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
 The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.
 And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
 And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;
 And listened, while a pleased surprise
 Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.
 At last, like one who for delay
 Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away !

Maud Müller looked and sighed : "Ah me !
 That I the Judge's bride might be !
 He would dress me up in silks so fine,
 And praise and toast me at his wine.
 My father should wear a broad-cloth coat ;
 My brother should sail a painted boat.
 I'd dress my mother so grand and gay !

And the baby should have a new toy each day.
And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Müller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.
Would she were mine! and I to-day,
Like her a harvester of hay:
No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
And weary lawyers with endless tongues;
But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health of quiet and loving words."
Then he thought of his sister, proud and cold;
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.
So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.
But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;
And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:
And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside-well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.
And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!
Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,

"LOOK AT THE CLOCK."

And many children played round her door,
 But care and sorrow, and household pain,
 Left their traces on heart and brain.
 And oft, when the summer-sun shone hot
 On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
 In the shade of the apple-tree, again
 She saw a Rider draw his rein;
 And, gazing down with timid grace,
 She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
 Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
 Stretched away into stately halls;
 The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
 The tallow candle an astral burned;
 And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
 Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
 A manly form at her side she saw,—
 And joy was duty, and love was law! . . .
 Then, she took up her burden of life again,
 Saying only, "It might have been!"
 Alas! for Maiden, alas! for Judge;
 For rich repiner and household drudge!
 God pity them both! and pity us all!
 Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
 For, of all sad words of tongue or pen,
 The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
 Ah, well for us all some sweet hope lies,
 Deeply buried from human eyes;
 And, in the Hereafter, angels may
 Roll the stone from its grave away!

"LOOK AT THE CLOCK."

RICHARD HARRIS BARNHAM.

"Look at the clock!" quoth Winifred Pryce,
 As she opened the door to her husband's knock;
 Then paused to give him a piece of advice:
 "You nasty warmint, look at the clock!"

Is this the way, you
Wretch, every day you
Treat her who vowed to love and obey you?
Out all night!
Me in a fright!
Staggering home as it's just getting light!
You intoxicated brute! you insensible block!
Look at the clock! Do! Look at the clock!"

Winifred Pryce was tidy and clean,
Her gown was a flowered one, her petticoat green;
Her buckles were bright as her milking-cans,
And her hat was a beaver, and made like a man's;
Her little red eyes were deep set in their socket-holes,
Her gown was turned up, and tucked through the pocket-holes;

A face like a ferret
Betokened her spirit:

To conclude, Mrs. Pryce was not over young,
Had very short legs, and a very long tongue.

Now, David Pryce had one darling vice;
Remarkably partial to anything nice.
Naught that was good to him came amiss,
Whether to eat, or to drink, or to kiss!

Especially ale,—

If it was not too stale,

I really believe he'd have emptied a pail;

Not that in Wales

They talk of their ales;

To pronounce the word they make use of might trouble you,
Being spelt with a C, two Rs and W.

That particular day, as I've heard people say,
Mr. David Pryce had been soaking his clay,
And amusing himself with his pipe and cheroots,
The whole afternoon at the "Goat-in-Boots,"

With a couple more soakers,

Thoroughbred smokers,

Both, like himself, prime singers and jokers;
And, long after day had drawn to a close,
And the rest of the world was wrapped in repose,

They were roaring out "Shenkin!" and "Ar hydd y nos;"
 While David himself, to a Sassenach tune,
 Sang, "We've drunk down the Sun, boys! let's drink down the
 Moon!

What have we with day to do?

Mrs. Winifred Pryce, 'twas made for you!"

At length, when they couldn't well drink any more,
 Old "Goat-in-Boots" showed them the door;

And then came that knock,

And the sensible shock

David felt when his wife cried, "Look at the clock!"
 For the hands stood as crooked as crooked might be,
 The long at the Twelve, and the short at the Three!

That self-same clock had long been a bone
 Of contention between this Darby and Joan;
 And often, among their pother and rout,
 When this otherwise amiable couple fell out,

Pryce would drop a cool hint,

With an ominous squint

At its case, of an "Uncle" of his who'd a "spout."

That horrid word "spout"

No sooner came out,

Than Winifred Pryce would turn her about,

And with a scorn on her lip,

And a hand on each hip,

Spout herself till her nose grew red at the tip,

"You thundering willin',

I know you'd be killing

Your wife—ay, a dozen of wives—for a shilling!

You may do what you please,

You may sell my chemise,

(Mrs. P. was ~~too~~ well bred to mention her stock,)

But I never will part with my Grandmother's Clock!"

Mrs. Pryce's tongue ran long and fast;
 But patience is apt to wear out at last,
 And David Pryce in temper was quick,
 So he stretched out his hand, and caught hold of a stick.
 Perhaps in its use he might mean to be lenient,

But walking just then wasn't very convenient,
 So he threw it, instead,
 Direct at her head ;
 It knocked off her hat,
 Down she fell flat ;

Her case, perhaps, was not much mended by that ;
 But whatever it was—whether rage and pain
 Produced apoplexy, or burst a vein,
 Or her tumble induced a concussion of brain,
 I can't say for certain—but *this* I can,
 When, sobered by fright, to assist her he ran,
 Mrs. Winifred Pryce was as dead as Queen Anna.

And then came Mr. Ap Thomas, the Coroner,
 With his jury to sit, some dozen or more, on her.

Mr. Pryce, to commence
 His “ingenious defence,”

Made a “powerful appeal” to the jury's “good sense,
 The unlucky lick
 From the end of his stick

He “deplored,”—he was “apt to be rather too quick,
 But, really, her prating
 Was so aggravating :

Some trifling correction was just what he meant ;—all
 The rest, he assured them, was “quite accidental !”
 The jury, in fine, having sat on the body
 The whole day, discussing the case and gin toddy,
 Returned, about half-past eleven at night,
 The following verdict, “ We find, *Sarve her right !*”

Mr. David has since had a “serious call,”
 He never drinks ale, wine, or spirits at all,
 And they say he is going to Exeter Hall
 To make a grand speech,
 And to preach and to teach

People that “they can't brew their malt liquor too small !”
 That an ancient Welsh Poet, one PYNDAR AP TUDOR,
 Was right in proclaiming “*Ariston men Udor !*”

Which means, “The pure Element
 Is for Man's belly meant !”

And that *Gin's* but a *Snare* of Old Nick the deluder !

DEATH OF KING JOHN.

And "still on each evening when pleasure fills up,"
 At the old Goat-in-Boots, with Metheglin, each cup
 Mr. Pryce, if he's there,
 Will get into "The Chair,"
 And make all his quondam associates stare
 By calling aloud to the landlady's daughter,
 "Patty, bring a cigar, and a glass of Spring Water!"
 The dial he constantly watches; and when
 The long hand's at the "XII," and the short at the "X,"
 He gets on his legs,
 Drains his glass to the dregs,
 Takes his hat and great-coat off their several pegs,
 With his President's hammer bestows his last knock,
 And says solemnly, "Gentlemen! LOOK AT THE CLOCK!"

DEATH OF KING JOHN.

LEIGH HUNT.

'Tis evening, and the ancient towers of Swinburne Abbey, lie
 In calm majestic stateliness beneath the pale moon's sky.
 On a low couch, a stricken man rests under yonder trees,
 And monks and abbot vainly strive the sufferer's pain to ease.
 A torchlight throws a lurid glare those death-like features o'er,
 A sceptre lies beside the hand that ne'er may grasp it more;
 And royal robes the litter deck, and jewels rich and rare,
 Gleam from yon crown-encircled casque with fitful radiance there.
 The suffering weak and helpless form, that racked with anguish
 lies,
 On that low couch, is England's lord King John, whose restless
 eyes,
 Are for a moment closed in sleep, but e'er the night is o'er,
 His throne will be another's, and his place know him no more.
 The fight has gone against his arms upon the field to-day,
 Defeated, borne down, overcome, his soldiers fled away;
 And yet—unwounded he has been, no sword has harmed the
 King,
 A treacherous hand has laid him low with poison's subtle sting.

He wakes—the dying monarch wakes, and fiercely gleam his eyes,

With wild and feverish brilliancy, and see—he vainly tries
To raise himself upon his arm, too weak to bear him now,
Whilst cold big drops of agony bedew his aching brow.

“Fall back, fall back, ye shaveling monks; ah! wherefore rest I here;

How goes the battle, Hubert? alas! your words I fear;
Oh tell me not the day is lost, it must not, shall not be;
Give me my armor, helmet and shield, and Hubert, follow me.

“Prythee good Hubert, answer me, why stands young Arthur there,

It was not I who murdered him, in that I had no share;
’Twas you who did the guilty deed, let him not blast my sight,
Oh shield me from his cruel glare, which chills my soul with
fright.

“A cup of water, quick, for I am parched with thirst,
Oh may the slave who poisoned me be evermore accursed.
My veins are filled with molten lead, my vitals seem on fire;
I scorch with heat, and all my frame is tossed with anguish dire.

“Away, nor press so round my couch, I’m choking, give me air,
I cannot breathe, again I see young Arthur standing there.
I see again the golden curls, again the boyish face;
Arthur, torture me no more, spare me for love of grace.

“A thousand shadows fore mine eyes are passing to and fro,
A thousand spirits beckon me, my mind is filled with woe.
Back! back! ye fierce accusing spules, your fiend-like mockery
cease,

By all the demons ye obey, leave me to die in peace.

“Brave Falconbridge, my trusty friend, I’m glad that you are here,
I’m forsaken now save you, there’s none but Hubert near.
Of all the fawning sycophants who basked around my throne,
Not one remains to tend on me, the cormorants have flown.

“What cry was that? the battle cry! you shall not hold me down,
My strength returns to me again—what, ho! my sword and
crown.

Full soon shall yonder traitors fly like chaff before the gale,
Stand back! nor dare to hinder me—the King shall yet prevail.

“Are ye too leagued to baffle me, alas, I cannot stand,
This arm of mine is powerless now to grasp the warlike brand.
My limbs refuse to bear me up, I feel faint and weak,
My brain seems whirling round and round, I—I—can scarcely
speak.

“A strange cold numbness seizes me, how thick the air has grown,
A mistiness obscures my sight, I dare not die alone.
Then grasp my hand that I may know that you are standing by,
Again the poison tears my frame, 'tis o'er, I faint, I die.”

PAT'S POT-POURRI.

ANON.

PAT. What did you say was the name of that piece,
Mr. Jones?

JONES. An pot-pourri.

PAT. Is that French for pot-pie, sir?

JONES. That reminds me. I came across a receipt
for making soup. I will tell it to you: “Take a pail of
water (wet water), wash it clean; then boil it till it is
brown on both sides. Pour in one bean; when the bean
begins to worry, prepare to simmer. If the soup won't
simmer, it's too rich, pour in more water. Dry the
water with a towel before you put it in. The dryer the
water, the sooner it browns; serve hot.

PAT. That ain't the way we make soup at our board-
ing-house.

JONES. How do you make soup?

PAT. Well, sir, we have a large Newfoundland dog
that walks around the table during dinner time. We use
him as an napkin and wipe our knives and forks on him,
and when we want soup they wash the dog. I wish I had
that dog along with me the other day. I saw a sign on

the fence of a field, "Take the Elevator." I climbed over the fence to find the elevator.

JONES. Did you find it?

PAT. I did on my return trip; the elevator was a dark rindled bull. He seemed to say who shall go over that once first, you or I. The bull and I tossed for it; he won, and I went ahead.

JONES. I have often heard that wild beasts can be tamed by a stern continued glance of the eye. You should have tried it on the bull.

PAT. That's so. I tried it once on an infuriated bulldog. I sat down and stared at him. I had no weapon.

JONES. How did it work?

PAT. Perfectly. The dog didn't even offer to touch me.

JONES. Strange. How do you account for that?

PAT. Because I sat on the branch of a very tall tree.

JONES. Your a great man, Pat.

PAT. True for you, sir; so was my father before me; but he died.

JONES. Of what complaint?

PAT. Oh, no complaint; everybody was satisfied.

JONES. I presume he was some great literary or military man?

PAT. No, sir, he was an ascinder and a descinder.

JONES. And what's that?

PAT. A hod-carrier, sure. He used to sing "There Mortar Follow," and other beautiful songs, such as, "When they Swallowed Home-Made Pies," "The Heart Boiled down with Grease and Care," "The Harp that Tore my Overalls." Once he was singing that beautiful song, "Rock me to Sleep," and some fellow hit him on the head with a rock, and he has been asleep ever since.

JONES. You know the old saying, Pat, "It's not the coat that makes the man."

PAT. No, sir, it's the pantaloons. But, Mr. Jones, we

don't have the great men now that we used to have in the old time.

JONES. True, Pat, you may well say where are the great men of the past, our Adam, Jefferson and Washington?

PAT. Adams drives an express wagon, Jefferson travels with Rip Van Winkle, and Washington keeps a market in New York. But, Mr. Jones, how about the great women.

JONES. True, Pat, they are too often overlooked:

“O, woman! woman! thou art form'd to bless
 The heart of restless man; to chase his care
 And charm existence by thy loveliness.
 Bright as the sunbeam, as the morning fair.
 If but thy foot fall on a wilderness,
 Flowers spring and shed their roseate blossoms there,
 Shrouding the thorns that in thy pathway rise,
 And scattering o'er it hues of Paradise.”

PAT. True for you, sir. Oh, woman! woman! you wear seven-button kid gloves, while we poor men have to use a pin to keep our suspenders up. Mr. Jones, can you tell me why a woman is like an umbrella?

JONES. I can imagine—why are they?

PAT. You *can* shut up an umbrella. You never seen my girl, did you, Mr. Jones?

JONES. No, I believe not.

PAT. Sure, she is a nice girl. I kissed her the other night. I wrote some beautiful poetry on the occasion, and sent it to the paper to be published. The title of it was, “I kissed her under the silent stairs.” But the printers made a terrible mistake; they had it, “I kicked her under the cellar stairs.” But if I ever get hold of that printer, I'll kick him higher than the cellar stairs; he may be thankful I don't kick among the silent stars. He'll wish he was a comet before I get through with him.

JONES. And why a comet, Pat?

PAT. Because then he'd come around only once in every fifteen hundred years.

JONES. That would be a journey sure enough. If I were he, I should prefer the railroad.

PAT. I know you favor the railroad, but I don't like to travel on the railroad, for you have to get off when the cars come along. I'd rather take the cars and walk, for when you get tired of walking you can get off and walk. That's a *rail* good joke, if it don't hurt your *tender* feelings and make your *head light*, but you must be *car*-full; but as you seem to be *ingin* it, and I find there is a *tie* between us, I will send you a copy of it by freight. O, you are *afreight* I will forget it; but as we have pursued this *train* of thought long enough, suppose we *switch* off and put on the *breaks*, or we will have to shovel snow. O, I'ce you think that's *snogood*; but let me tell you snow's a soft thing, while it lasts, and I advise you to freeze to it. I *thawed* of doing so myself, but it melted on my hand.

BILL NYE ON CHILDHOOD.

Childhood is the glad springtime of life. It is then that the seeds of future greatness or startling mediocrity are sown.

If a boy has marked out a glowing future as an intellectual giant, it is during these early years of his growth that he gets some pine knots to burn in the evening, whereby he can read Herbert Spencer and the Greek grammar, so that when he is in good society he can say things that nobody can understand. This gives him an air of mysterious greatness which soaks into those with whom he comes in contact, and makes them respectful and unhappy while in his presence.

Boys who intend to be railroad men should early begin to look about them for some desirable method of expunging two or three fingers and one thumb. Most boys can do

this without difficulty. Trying to pick a card out of a job press when it is in operation is a good way. Most job presses feel gloomy and unhappy until they have eaten the fingers off two or three boys. Then they go on with their work cheerfully and even hilariously.

Boys who intend to lead an irreproachable life and be foremost in every good word and work, should take unusual precautions to secure perfect health and longevity. Good boys never know when they are safe. Statistics show that the ratio of good boys who die, compared to bad ones, is simply appalling.

There are only thirty-nine good boys left as we go to press, and they are not feeling very well, either.

The bad ones are all alive and very active.

The boy who stole my coal shovel last spring and went out into the graveyard and dug into a grave to find Easter eggs, is the picture of health. He ought to live a long time yet, for he is in very poor shape to be ushered in before the bar of judgment.

When I was a child I was different from other boys in many respects. I was always looking about to see what good I could do. I am that way yet.

If my little brother wanted to go in swimming contrary to orders, I was not strong enough to prevent him, but I would go in with him and save him from a watery grave. I went in the water thousands of times that way, and as a result he is alive to-day.

But he is ungrateful. He hardly ever mentions it now, but he remembers the gordian knots that I tied in his shirts. He speaks of them frequently. This shows the ingratitude and natural depravity of the human heart.

Ah, what recompense have wealth and position for the unalloyed joys of childhood, and how gladly to-day, as I sit in the midst of my oriental splendor and costly magnificence and thoughtfully run my fingers through my infrequent bangs, would I give it all, wealth, position and

~~same~~, for one balmy, breezy day gathered from the mellow haze of the long ago when I stood full knee-deep in the luke-warm pool near my suburban home in the quiet dell, and allowed the yielding and soothing mud and meek-eyed polly-wogs to squirt up between my dimpled toes.

TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS.

T. HOOD.

I really take it very kind,
 This visit, Mrs. Skinner ;
 I have not seen you such an age,
 (The wretch has come to dinner !)
 Your daughters, too, what loves of girls !
 What heads for painters' easels !
 Come here, and kiss the infant, dears !
 (And give it, p'rhaps, the measles !)
 Your charming boys, I see, are home,
 From Reverend Mr. Russell's ;
 'Twas very kind to bring them both,
 (What boots for my new Brussels !)
 What ! little Clara left at home ?
 Well now, I call that shabby !
 I should have loved to kiss her so,
 (A flabby, dabby babby !)
 And Mr. S., I hope he's well ;
 But, though he lives so handy,
 He never once drops in to sup,
 (The better for our brandy !)
 Come, take a seat ; I long to hear
 About Matilda's marriage ;
 You've come, of course, to spend the day,
 (Thank Heaven ! I hear the carriage !)
 What ! must you go ? Next time, I hope,
 You'll give me longer measure.
 Nay, I shall see you down the stairs,
 (With most uncommon pleasure !)

Good-bye! good-bye! Remember, all
 Next time you'll take your dinners;
 (Now, David, mind, I'm not at home,
 In future, to the Skinners.)

A JERSEY BOY'S COMPOSITION.

(Verbatim et Literatim.)

"i wunst sor a man frum York he was visitin in hour plas i bleve at his brotherinlors who mared his sister a fishin he cum to fish for fish but yudathorte he cum to show his cloas he dident ketch a darned fish tho he cum a fishin he fished all day thout ketchin a darned fish he sot on a brige a tryin to fish and dident ketch a darned fish he was to affrad of a dirtiin his cloas and he dident ketch a darned fish tho he kum apuppis to fish and all the men and boyes laghed at him a fishin when he dident ketch a darned fish father sed he sene him afishin of the brige all da and dident ketch a darned fish all da but jus set thar afishin and dident ketch a darned fish all da if he did it was unbenone to father."

THE TRUE TALE OF WILLIAM TELL.

BILL NYK.

William Tell ran a hay ranch near Bergelen about 580 years ago. Tell had lived in the mountains all his life, and shot chamois and chipmonks with a cross-gun till he was a bad man to stir up.

At that time Switzerland was run principally by a lot of carpet-baggers from Austria, and Tell got down on them about the year 1307. It seems that Tell wanted the government contract to furnish hay at \$45 a ton for the year 1306, and Gessler, who was controlling

the patronage of Switzerland, let the contract to an Austrian who had a big lot of condemned hay further up the gulch.

One day Gessler put his plug hat up on a telegraph pole, and issued order 236, regular series, to the effect that every snoozer who passed down the toll road should bow to it.

Gessler happened to be in behind the bush when Tell went by, and he noticed that Bill said "Shoot the hat," and didn't salute it, so he told his men to gather Mr. Tell in and put him in the refrigerator.

Gessler told him that if he would shoot a crab apple from the head of his only son, at 200 yards, with a cross-gun, he would give him his liberty.

Tell consented, and knocked the apple higher than Gilroy's kite. Old Gessler, however, noticed another arrow sticking in William's girdle, and he asked what kind of a flowery break that was.

Tell told him that if he had killed the kid instead of busting the apple, he intended to drill a hole through the stomach of Mr. Gessler. This made Gessler mad again, and he took Tell on a picnic up the river in irons.

Tell jumped off when he got a good chance, and cut across a bend in the river, and when the picnic party came down he shot Gessler deader than a mackerel.

A COLORED PREACHER'S RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Florida Letter to Springfield Republican.

Just over the river from Augustine is a black village called "Africa." Last Sunday as I was walking out I fell in with an old grizzled darkey shambling along, his legs rather forward of the centre of his feet, and asked him where he was going. He replied, "I'se goin' to de church."

and I'se 'fraid I'm a leetle late." I inquired if the preacher was a man of power. He said, "I don't know him meself, he comes from de Indian River parts, but I hear he is de giftedest man in de State." I thought I would not lose the opportunity of hearing so distinguished a pulpit orator, and went along with the old man. The preacher sat upon some elevated boards, as black a negro as ever departed from "Afric's sunny fountains." He rose, and in a loud strident tone stumbled slowly, and with many mistakes, through a chapter of Jeremiah, after which the congregation, some with sweetness, and some with scalp-lifting harshness, sung several verses of a hymn, the chorus of which was :

" Ye darters of Jerusalem come out de wilderness,
Come out de wilderness, come out de wilderness;
Ye darters of Jerusalem come out de wilderness
A leanin' on de lamb."

The minister then prayed, first loudly, then earnestly, and then tumultuously for a quarter of an hour, beseeching the Lord, among other things, "to unloose his stammering tongue and gib his voice a heap of power." After another hymn came the sermon, and although I took no notes, I will try and give you some specimen bricks of the structure.

My tex is de 10th ob Matthew, at the 30th verse: "But de very hars of yer hed are all numbered." I hope before I gits fro to bring some sinner ter whar I was fetched ter at a meeting like dis. It is fourteen years ago last month sense I quit grubbing in the palmetto stubble of sin, and begun workin' in de deep loam of righteousness. Fore den I use ter be as lost a sinner as any nigger on de Indian River. Dere warnt no boy in de gang (if I do say it) that could swar more, chaw more terbacker, drink more whiskey, or jerk a chicken off de roost wid less noise dan I could. I use ter loaf mos' all day, and prowl all night shorc.

One night I went to 'vival meetin' jess for fun and ter see de girls. At first I luffed to hear de brudders and sisters 'spress their feelins, but de preacher had de power ob de sperrit mos' remarkable, and as he het wid his emotions I begun to get kinder skeered. Then I felt sorter creeps run all ober me, and I thort de shakes was comin' on, but then I knew I hadent been exposed and it warn't time ob de year for dem, and like a streek ob lightnin' it came ober me dat I was gettin' religion. I commenced ter holler, "Glory hallelujah, glory ter God, I'm comin'!" and got down on ter my knees and hollered more, and den I rolled on de floor and flung out my arms and my legs and kicked and stamped, fer I knew ter spirit ob de Lord was restlin' wid de debbil, and I yelled to de debbil, "git outer dis yere chile," and finally I fainted clean dun gone away. When I came ter myself de brudders and sisters was strokin' me and sayin', he is saved, de Lord hab save him, and I felt quiet and soothin' as tho' I war drinkin' buttermilk, and den I know dat my mortle soul was safe on de top shelf whar de debbil couldn't nebber reach it no more. De nex' mornin' I fine dat I hab lost my jack-knife and broke de mainspring ter my watch, besides leavin' a good ombreller in de seat which some Christian brudder or sister has took care on sence I s'pose, as I hab nebber scene it again, but I didn't car. I win more dan I lose, fer I got religion dat night.

 WALT WHITMAN'S WAIL.

After Walt Whitman emerged from the last Polar wave, and had thawed the icicles from his frozen brain, he is said to have exclaimed :

I howl a whoop ;

And with the howlment of the whoop I yip a yawp,

And with a million chill-betinged veins I bow me to the winter's
sovereignty ;
O bitesome breeze ! O quakesome waves ! and all conglomerate
elements of gelid things !

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

C. C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there ;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads ;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window, I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below ;
When, what to my wandering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name :
“ Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer and Vixen !
On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Donner and Blitzen !
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall !
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all ! ”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys,—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
 As I drew in my head and was turning around,
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
 He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
 And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
 His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
 And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
 He had a broad face and a little round belly
 That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
 He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly old elf;
 And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
 A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
 He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
 And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

 BULLUM VERSUS BOATUM.

STEVENS.

Law is law; law is law; and as in such and so forth
 and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless,
 notwithstanding. Law is like a country-dance: people
 are let up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like
 a book of surgery: there are a great many desperate cases
 in it. It is also like physic: they that take least of it are

best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman : very well to follow. Law is also like a scolding wife : very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion : people are bewitched to get into it ; it is also like bad weather : most people are glad when they get out of it.

We shall now mention a cause, called "*Bullum versus Boatum*;" it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows :

There were two farmers, farmer A and farmer B. Farmer A was seized or possessed of a bull ; farmer B was seized or possessed of a ferryboat.

Now the owner of the ferryboat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore—as it was very natural for a hungry man to do—he went up town to dinner. Farmer A's bull—as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do—came down town to look for a dinner, and, observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out sundry turnips in the bottom of the ferryboat, the bull scrambled into the ferryboat ; he ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hay-band ; the boat, being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river with the bull in it. It struck against a rock, beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard ; whereupon, the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat for running away with the bull ; and the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the boat, and thus notice of trial was given, *Bullum versus Boatum*, *Boatum versus Bullum*.

Now, the counsel for the bull began with saying : " My lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat than

a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses ; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable ? How can we eat what is not eatable ? Or, how can we drink what is not drinkable ? Or, as the law says, how can we think what is not thinkable ? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed that the bull should be nonsuited ; because, in his declaration, he had not specified what color he was of ; and thus wisely and thus learnedly spoke the counsel : " My lord, if the bull was of no color, and he must be of some color ; so, if he was not of any color, what color could the bull be of ?"

I overruled this motion myself, by observing that the bull was a white bull, and that white is no color ; besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of color in law, for the law can color anything.

This cause being afterwards left to a reference upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away ; upon which I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued ; and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose : How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, what, whatsoever, whereas and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered ?

That point was soon settled by Boatum's attorney declaring, that, for his client, that is, *loco clientis*, he would swear anything.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record, in true law Latin ; which set forth that, in their declaration, they must specify that they were carried away either by the tide of flood, or by the tide of

this without difficulty. Trying to pick a card out of a job press when it is in operation is a good way. Most job presses feel gloomy and unhappy until they have eaten the fingers off two or three boys. Then they go on with their work cheerfully and even hilariously.

Boys who intend to lead an irreproachable life and be foremost in every good word and work, should take unusual precautions to secure perfect health and longevity. Good boys never know when they are safe. Statistics show that the ratio of good boys who die, compared to bad ones, is simply appalling.

There are only thirty-nine good boys left as we go to press, and they are not feeling very well, either.

The bad ones are all alive and very active.

The boy who stole my coal shovel last spring and went out into the graveyard and dug into a grave to find Easter eggs, is the picture of health. He ought to live a long time yet, for he is in very poor shape to be ushered in before the bar of judgment.

When I was a child I was different from other boys in many respects. I was always looking about to see what good I could do. I am that way yet.

If my little brother wanted to go in swimming contrary to orders, I was not strong enough to prevent him, but I would go in with him and save him from a watery grave. I went in the water thousands of times that way, and as a result he is alive to-day.

But he is ungrateful. He hardly ever mentions it now, but he remembers the gordian knots that I tied in his shirts. He speaks of them frequently. This shows the ingratitude and natural depravity of the human heart.

Ah, what recompense have wealth and position for the unalloyed joys of childhood, and how gladly to-day, as I sit in the midst of my oriental splendor and costly magnificence and thoughtfully run my fingers through my infrequent bangs, would I give it all, wealth, position and

time, for one balmy, breezy day gathered from the mel-
 low haze of the long ago when I stood full knee-deep in
 the luke-warm pool near my suburban home in the quiet
 leil, and allowed the yielding and soothing mud and
 seek-eyed polly-wogs to squirt up between my dimpled
 sea.

TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS.

T. HOOD.

I really take it very kind,
 This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
 I have not seen you such an age,
 (The wretch has come to dinner !)
 Your daughters, too, what loves of girls !
 What heads for painters' easels !
 Come here, and kiss the infant, dears !
 (And give it, p'rhaps, the measles !)
 Your charming boys, I see, are home,
 From Reverend Mr. Russell's ;
 'Twas very kind to bring them both,
 (What boots for my new Brussels !)
 What ! little Clara left at home ?
 Well now, I call that shabby !
 I should have loved to kiss her so,
 (A flabby, dabby babby !)
 And Mr. S., I hope he's well ;
 But, though he lives so handy,
 He never once drops in to sup,
 (The better for our brandy !)
 Come, take a seat ; I long to hear
 About Matilda's marriage ;
 You've come, of course, to spend the day,
 (Thank Heaven ! I hear the carriage !)
 What ! must you go ? Next time, I hope,
 You'll give me longer measure.
 Nay, I shall see you down the stairs,
 (With most uncommon pleasure !)

Good-bye! good-bye! Remember, all
 Next time you'll take your dinners;
 (Now, David, mind, I'm not at home,
 In future, to the Skinners.)

A JERSEY BOY'S COMPOSITION.

(Verbatim et Literatim.)

"i wunst sor a man frum York he was visitin in hour plas i beleve at his brotherinlors who mared his sister a fishin he cum to fish for fish but yudathortø he cum to show his cloas he dident ketch a darned fish tho he cum a fishin he fished all day thout ketchin a darned fish he sot on a brige a tryin to fish and dident ketch a darned fish he was to affrad of a dirtiin his cloas and he dident ketch a darned fish tho he kum apuppis to fish and all the men and boyes laghed at him a fishin when he dident ketch a darned fish father sed he sene him afishin of the brige all da and dident ketch a darned fish all da but jus set thar afishin and dident ketch a darned fish all da if he did it was unbenone to father."

THE TRUE TALE OF WILLIAM TELL.

BILL NYK.

William Tell ran a hay ranch near Bergelen about 580 years ago. Tell had lived in the mountains all his life, and shot chamois and chipmonks with a cross-gun till he was a bad man to stir up.

At that time Switzerland was run principally by a lot of carpet-baggers from Austria, and Tell got down on them about the year 1307. It seems that Tell wanted the government contract to furnish hay at \$45 a ton for the year 1306, and Gessler, who was controlling

the patronage of Switzerland, let the contract to an Austrian who had a big lot of condemned hay further up the gulch.

One day Gessler put his plug hat up on a telegraph pole, and issued order 236, regular series, to the effect that every snoozer who passed down the toll road should bow to it.

Gessler happened to be in behind the bush when Tell went by, and he noticed that Bill said "Shoot the hat," and didn't salute it, so he told his men to gather Mr. Tell in and put him in the refrigerator.

Gessler told him that if he would shoot a crab apple from the head of his only son, at 200 yards, with a cross-gun, he would give him his liberty.

Tell consented, and knocked the apple higher than Gilroy's kite. Old Gessler, however, noticed another arrow sticking in William's girdle, and he asked what kind of a flowery break that was.

Tell told him that if he had killed the kid instead of busting the apple, he intended to drill a hole through the stomach of Mr. Gessler. This made Gessler mad again, and he took Tell on a picnic up the river in irons.

Tell jumped off when he got a good chance, and cut across a bend in the river, and when the picnic party came down he shot Gessler deader than a mackerel.

A COLORED PREACHER'S RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Florida Letter to Springfield Republican.

Just over the river from Augustine is a black village called "Africa." Last Sunday as I was walking out I fell in with an old grizzled darkey shambling along, his legs rather forward of the centre of his feet, and asked him where he was going. He replied, "I'se goin' to de church,

and P'se 'fraid I'm a leetle late." I inquired if the preacher was a man of power. He said, "I don't know him mesef, he comes from de Indian River parts, but I hear he is de giftedest man in de State." I thought I would not lose the opportunity of hearing so distinguished a pulpit orator, and went along with the old man. The preacher sat upon some elevated boards, as black a negro as ever departed from "Afric's sunny fountains." He rose, and in a loud strident tone stumbled slowly, and with many mistakes, through a chapter of Jeremiah, after which the congregation, some with sweetness, and some with scalp-lifting harshness, sung several verses of a hymn, the chorus of which was :

" Ye darters of Jerusalem come out de wildérness,
Come out de wilderness, come out de wilderness ;
Ye darters of Jerusalem come out de wilderness
A leanin' on de lamb."

The minister then prayed, first loudly, then earnestly, and then tumultuously for a quarter of an hour, beseeching the Lord, among other things, "to unloose his stammering tongue and gib his voice a heap of power." After another hymn came the sermon, and although I took no notes, I will try and give you some specimen bricks of the structure.

My tex is de 10th ob Matthew, at the 30th verse : "But de very hars of yer hed are all numbered." I hope before I gits fro to bring some sinner ter whar I was fetched ter at a meeting like dis. It is fourteen years ago last month sense I quit grubbing in the palmetto stubble of sin, and begun workin' in de deep loam of righteousness. Fore den I use ter be as lost a sinner as any nigger on de Indian River. Dere warnt no boy in de gang (if I do say it) that could swar more, chaw more terbacker, drink more whiskey, or jerk a chicken off de roost wid less noise dan I could. I use ter loaf mos' all day, and prowl all night shore.

One night I went to 'vival meetin' jess for fun and ter see de girls. At first I laffed to hear de brudders and sisters 'spress their feelins, but de preacher had de power ob de sperrit mos' remarkable, and as he het wid his emotions I begun to get kinder skeered. Then I felt sorter creeps run all ober me, and I thort de shakes was comin' on, but then I knew I hadent been exposed and it warn't time ob de year for dem, and like a streek ob lightnin' it came ober me dat I was gettin' religion. I commenced ter holler, "Glory hallelujah, glory ter God, I'm comin'!" and got down on ter my knees and hollered more, and den I rolled on de floor and flung out my arms and my legs and kicked and stamped, fer I knew ter spirit ob de Lord was restlin' wid de debbil, and I yelled to de debbil, "git outer dis yere chile," and finally I fainted clean dun gone away. When I came ter myself de brudders and sisters was strokin' me and sayin', he is saved, de Lord hab save him, and I felt quiet and soothin' as tho' I war drinkin' buttermilk, and den I know dat my mortle soul was safe on de top shelf whar de debbil couldn't nebber reach it no more. De nex' mornin' I fine dat I hab lost my jack-knife and broke de mainspring ter my watch, besides leavin' a good ombreller in de seat which some Christian brudder or sister has took care on sence I s'pose, as I hab nebber scene it again, but I didn't car. I win more dan I lose, fer I got religion dat night.

WALT WHITMAN'S WAIL.

After Walt Whitman emerged from the last Polar wave, and had thawed the icicles from his frozen brain, he is said to have exclaimed :

I howl a whoop ;

And with the howlment of the whoop I yip a yawp,

And with a million chill-betinged veins I bow me to the winter's
sovereignty ;
O bitesome breeze ! O quakesome waves ! and all conglomerate
elements of gelid things !

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

C. C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there ;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads ;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window, I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below ;
When, what to my wandering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name :
“ Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer and Vixen !
On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Donder and Blitzen !
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall !
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all ! ”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys,—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
 As I drew in my head and was turning around,
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
 He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
 And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
 His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
 And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
 He had a broad face and a little round belly
 That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
 He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly old elf;
 And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
 A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
 He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
 And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
 “Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!”

 BULLUM VERSUS BOATUM.

STEVENS.

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 and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless,
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We shall now mention a cause, called "*Bullum versus Boatum*;" it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows:

There were two farmers, farmer A and farmer B. Farmer A was seized or possessed of a bull; farmer B was seized or possessed of a ferryboat.

Now the owner of the ferryboat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore—as it was very natural for a hungry man to do—he went up town to dinner. Farmer A's bull—as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do—came down town to look for a dinner, and, observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out sundry turnips in the bottom of the ferryboat, the bull scrambled into the ferryboat; he ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hay-band; the boat, being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river with the bull in it. It struck against a rock, beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard; whereupon, the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat for running away with the bull; and the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the boat, and thus notice of trial was given, *Bullum versus Boatum*, *Boatum versus Bullum*.

Now, the counsel for the bull began with saying: "My lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat than

a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or, how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed that the bull should be nonsuited; because, in his declaration, he had not specified what color he was of; and thus wisely and thus learnedly spoke the counsel: "My lord, if the bull was of no color, and he must be of some color; so, if he was not of any color, what color could the bull be of?"

I overruled this motion myself, by observing that the bull was a white bull, and that white is no color; besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of color in law, for the law can color anything.

This cause being afterwards left to a reference upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away; upon which I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued; and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose: How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, what, whatsoever, whereas and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered?

That point was soon settled by Boatum's attorney declaring, that, for his client, that is, *loco clientis*, he would swear anything.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record, in true law Latin; which set forth that, in their declaration, they must specify that they were carried away either by the tide of flood, or by the tide of

ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows: *Aquæ-bailiffus est magistratus in chiefus super omtribus fishibus qui habent finnos, scalos, claws, shells, et tailos, qui swimmuent in freshibus velsaltibus riveris, laks, pondis, canalibus et well-boats; sive oysteri, surimpi, trouti, lobsteri, shaddi flounderi; that is, not shad alone, but shad and flounders both together.*

But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but it being proved that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited.

But such was the lenity of the Court, upon their paying all the costs, they were allowed to begin *de novo*, as aforesaid, substantially in the manner and with the like privileges as above mentioned, and without prejudice, as set forth in the aforesaid indictments and the pleadings thereto. And to all this did they in the place and at the time as aforesaid, thereunto set their hands and their seals, very earnestly, very learnedly, very vindictively—but, oh! where did it end?

TERPSICHORE IN THE FLAT CREEK QUARTERS.

From Scribner's Monthly.

Listen when I call de figgers! Watch de music es you go!
Chassay forrard! (Now look at 'em! some too fas' an' some too
slow!)

Step out when I gibs de order; keep up eben wid de line;
What's got in dem lazy niggers? Stop dat stringin' out behin'!
All go forrard to de center! Balance roun' and den go back!
Keep on in de proper 'rection, right straight up an' down de crack!
Moobe up sides an' mind de music; listen when you hear me
speak!

(Jes' look at dem Pea Ridge niggers, how dey's buckin' 'gin de Creek!)

Dat's de proper action, Sambo! den you done de biznis right!
Now show 'em how you knocked de splinters at de shuckin
t'udder night.

Try to do your lebbel bes', an' stomp it like you use to do!
Jes' come down on de "Flat Creek step" an' show de Ridge a
thing or two!

Now look at dat limber Jonah triyin' to tech de fancy fling!
(Who ebber seed a yaller nigger dat could cut de pidgin-wing?)
Try dat lick agin, dar, Moses; tell you what, dat's hard to beat!
(How kin sich a little nigger handle sich a pile o' feet?)
Swing your corners! Turn your pardners! ('Pears de motion's
gittin' slow.)

What's de matter wid de music? Put some rosgum on dat bow!
Moobe up, Tom—don't be so sleepy! Let 'em see what you kin
do!

Light off in de "gra'-vine-twis" an' knock de "double-shuffle,"
too!

Gosh! that double-j'inted Steben flings a hifalutin hoof!
He kicks de dus' plum out de planks an' jars de shingles on de
roof!

Steady, now, an' check de motion! Let the fiddler stop de chune!
I smell de possum froo de crack, an' supper's gwine to call you
soon!

De white folks come it mighty handy, waltzin' 'roun' so nice an'
fine;

But when you come to reg'lar *dancin'*, *niggers leabes 'em way
behin'!*

THAT AMATEUR FLUTE.

From the Boston Transcript.

Hear the fluter with his flute,
Silver flute!

Oh, what a world of wailing is awakened by its toot!
How it demi-semi-quavers,

THAT AMATEUR FLUTE.

On the maddened air of night !
 And defieth all endeavors
 To escape the sound or sight
 Of the flute, flute, flute,
 With its tootle, tootle, toot.
 With reiterated tootings of exasperated toots,
 The long protracted tootlings of agonizing toot,
 Of the flute, flute, flute, flute,
 Flute, flute, flute,
 And the wheezings and the spittings of its toots.
 Should he get that other flute—
 Golden flute—
 Oh, what a deeper anguish will its presence institoot !
 How his eyes to Heaven he'll raise
 As he plays
 All the days !
 How he'll stop us on our ways
 With its praise !
 And the people—oh, the people !
 That don't live up in the steeple,
 But inhabit Christian parlors
 Where he visiteth and plays—
 Where he plays, plays, plays
 In the cruelest of ways,
 And thinks we ought to listen,
 And expects us to be mute,
 Who would rather have the earache
 Than the music of his flute—
 Of his flute, flute, flute,
 And the tootings of its toot—
 Of the toots wherein he tooteleth his agonizing toot
 Of the fluet, fluit, float,
 Phlute, phlewt, phlewght,
 And the tootle-tootle-tooting of his toot.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

- He lay upon his dying bed,
His eyes were growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him.
“ Weep not, my boy,” the veteran said,
“ I bow to Heaven’s high will,
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The Sword of Bunker Hill.”
- The sword was brought; the soldier’s eyes
Lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren’s name.
Then said: “ My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is better still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me now,
The Sword of Bunker Hill.
- “ ’Twas on that dread, immortal day
We dared the British band,
A captain raised this sword on me,
I tore it from his hand.
And as the awful battle raged,
It lightened Freedom’s will;
For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed
The Sword of Bunker Hill.
- “ O keep the sword, and should the foe
Again invade our land,
My soul will shout from Heaven to see
It flame in your right hand;
For ’twill be double sacrilege
If where sunk tyrant—ill
Power dare to strike Man’s rights won by
The Sword of Bunker Hill.
- “ O keep the sword; you know what’s in
The handle’s hollow there:

SPRING BIRDS.

It shrines, will always shrine, that lock
 Of Washington's own hair.
 The terror of oppression's here ;
 Despots ! your own graves fill,
 O'er Vernon's gift God's seal is on
 The Sword of Bunker Hill.

" O keep the sword "—his accents broke ;
 A smile, and he was dead—
 But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
 Upon that dying bed.
 The son remains, the sword remains,
 Its glory growing still,
 And fifty millions bless the sire
 And Sword of Bunker Hill.

A hundred years have smiled o'er us
 Since for the priceless gem
 Of Might with Right that moveless make
 Our Nation's diadem.
 Putnam, Starke, Prescott, Warren fought
 So centuries might thrill
 To see the whole world made free by
 The Sword of Bunker Hill.

SPRING BIRDS.

From the New York Times.

" As true as the needle to the pole " is, as every sailor knows, a proverb wholly lacking in the important element of truth. So far from being true to the pole, the magnetic needle never points to it of its own free will, but sets its affections on an insignificant spot of ice many degrees distant from the pole. Were the proverb to read " As true as the bird to the almanac," it would be far more truthful and forcible than it is in its present shape. The fidelity with which birds observe times and seasons is apparently unswerving, and in this respect they set an example of reg-

ularity of conduct which all men might imitate to advantage.

It is loosely held by everybody that migratory birds fly North in the Spring, and build their nests. This is true enough, but few, if any, people know what a careful adherence to schedule time as fixed by the almanac birds display. In this latitude Spring and the bird season begin promptly on the 1st of March, and whatever Mr. Vennor may prophesy or the Weather Bureau may accomplish, the birds put their faith in the almanac, and their conviction that the 1st of March is the beginning of Spring cannot be shaken.

The English sparrows are not migratory birds. They stay with us all Winter, but they lose their spirit under the influence of the cold. They do not sing a single note from the 1st of December to the last day of February, and they rarely take interest enough in life to fight. But on the 1st of March the sparrows begin house-hunting, and announce that Spring has arrived by an incessant and joyful twittering. On Tuesday last the weather was of the most atrocious character, but the sparrows did not pay the least attention to it. They flew about in spite of the snow, hail, and rain, and fought for the choice of building spots with great enthusiasm. How they knew that according to the almanac Spring had arrived is a question which may, for the present, be waived. The simple fact is that the sparrows did know that last Tuesday was the 1st of March, and no amount of weather could convince them that they were mistaken.

The chicken, like the sparrow, is not a migratory bird, except in latitudes where colored camp-meetings thrive. The 1st of March is welcomed by the chicken with singing and fighting, much after the manner of the sparrow. No matter where a chicken may be on that day, he will scratch for worms, not, of course, with any expectation of finding them, but a ceremony appropriate to the season.

No one can watch a chicken on the 1st of March, scratching violently on a surface of frozen ice and singing at the top of his lungs, without comprehending that the bird has a knowledge of the almanac which is superior to all the vagaries of the weather.

On the 5th of March, at 6:35 A. M., the bluebirds arrive. Undoubtedly they start from their distant Winter residence on the 1st of March, and fly at a uniform speed, scorning to arrive here in advance of the hour at which they are due, or a minute later than that hour. So far as their own comfort is concerned, they unquestionably reach this latitude at least three weeks earlier than prudence would suggest. Last year, for example, there was a great deal of cold weather and snow after the bluebirds arrived, and they suffered greatly from lack of food. Moreover, they were compelled to fight daily battles with the sparrows, and were welcomed with bloody claws to hospitable stomachs by the cats. Nevertheless, they will, beyond any doubt, arrive this year precisely on schedule time, as every one can prove who will watch for them at 6:35 to-morrow morning.

The robin is a later bird than the sparrow. He is not due here until March 25th, at 1:10 P. M. Even then he is altogether too early. He lives principally upon caterpillars, and with the exception of a few high-priced caterpillars raised in hothouses, no caterpillars make their appearance in this part of the world until the first week in April. As in the case of the bluebirds, the cats seem to be chiefly benefited by the early advent of the robins. The early Spring robin who has feasted sumptuously on tropical worms is a most appetizing morsel, and as he becomes weak for want of food on the third or fourth day after his arrival here, he falls an easy victim to the feline destroyer.

Of course birds cannot read and have no access to the almanac. It would be the height of folly to suppose that

bluebirds, robins, orioles, thrushes, and other migratory birds, gravely study the almanacs or consult the calendars displayed in Southern bar-rooms and thus know when the day for their departure North arrives. Birds are intelligent, but they are not intelligent enough to read, to comprehend the intricacies of an almanac, and to separate the truths of the calendar from the observations on the use of quack medicines. From whence, then, do the birds gain their knowledge of the dates on which they are due in their Northern Summer homes?

It cannot have escaped the notice of naturalists that on the approach of March cats display an activity and a calm confidence in the future which they do not manifest during the Winter. On the 1st of March the pussy's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of birds—as the poet has remarked. The cat knows when the birds are due, and it will be found impossible, even with the bribes of fish, to keep a cat in-doors after 6 o'clock on the 5th of March. She knows that there are bluebirds in the air, and her whole mind is absorbed in the contemplated pleasures of the chase.

Now, if we suppose that the Northern cat, living as she does in the society of men, knows when Spring is at hand, and transmits through a chain of associated cats information of the fact to birds in the South, we can understand how it is that the birds start for the North on fixed dates, all of which are too early for their own safety. With their confident natures they never dream of doubting that the stories told in their hearing by unprincipled cats of warm weather accompanied by large areas of caterpillars in the North during the early part of March are strictly true. Accordingly, they fly North and find when it is too late that they have been deceived. This hypothesis fully explains the mystery of the early and regular arrivals of birds, and saves us from the folly of imagining that birds can read and can understand almanacs.

TIM WEEKS AND THE CATS.

AWON.

Tim Weeks, who was a man precise,
 And of his fame most wonderous nice,
 Was, one fine morning, sitting down
 Close to the docks of our old town,
 Just to enjoy the salt sea air
 That very often bloweth there ;
 And, as he pondered, two rude sirs,
 Smoking their nasty, strong cigars,
 Up to him came, and, with a stare,
 Cried, " Timothy, we're glad to meet you,
 Give us your hand ; we joy to greet you !"
 " I'm glad to see you, Mr. Brown,"

Said Timothy.

" Right glad to see *you* well, am I,"
 Said Brown—" I thought you dead and done for,
 And wondered what you were begun for,
 To throw your precious life away
 In such a fray."

" Dead ! you're mad," said Tim, " Why dead ?
 You cannot be quite right i' the head."
 " I'm right enough," Brown smiling said,
 " But *you*, I wonder how you are ;
 Some have fallen sick on milder fare.
 Old Jones declares, who saw the sight,
 You ate up three *live cats* last night !"
 " Ate three live cats ! Did Jones say that ?"
 " He did ; and called you a great flat."
 " The rogue ! the liar !" said Tim,— " I'll go
 And punch his nose and blood shall flow
 To wash the stain ! the slanderous stain
 Stamped in my heart, and in my brain !"

So off he goes, and meets with Jones,
 " I'll knock your nose and pound your bones !"
 How dare you say, you lying wight,
 That I ate three *live cats* last night !"

- "I did not say," quoth Jones, "that you
Ate *three*, I only spoke of *two*!"
- "Two! in the name of truth, and who
Dared to say that? It is a spanker!"
- "Well, it comes retail from Bob Danker."
- "I'll Danker him," so off goes Weeks,
The blood high mounting in his cheeks.
He meets Bob in the market place—
- "Vile caitiff! come! we're face to face,
How dare you say, to gull the flats,
That I last night, ate two *live cats*?"
- "Two," replied Danker—"that's rare fun,
I promise you, I said but *one*!"
- "Well, one, you slanderer, why say that?
How *dare* you say I ate a cat?"
- "'Twas Taylor told me so," said Bob.
- "If so," says Tim, "I'll knock his nob."
So off he set, brim full of rage,
Vowing the fiercest war to wage
Against old Taylor—soon he meets him,
And with a dreadful poke he greets him:—
- "Taylor!" he cried, with flashing eye,
"How could you utter such a lie?
You told the folks I ate a *cat*!"
- "Oh! no, I never said that!
So pray your savage sputter spare,
I said a *Puss*, that is, a *hare*.
Your mother told me so, now there!"
- "'Tis false," said Tim, "I do declare,
I've never seen or touched a hare!"
- He sought his mother—"Oh, mother, mother,
Your tongue has made a shocking bother;
You said I ate a *hare*—folks blab it."
- "I didn't," said she, "I said a *rabbit*."
- "And that's not true!" "It is," said she,
"For your own wife told it to me."
- "My wife," says Tim—"Then, 'tis a bouncer,
And I'll go home and soundly trounce her."
So Tim goes home, most sorely riled,

With flashing eye and visage wild,
 "Wife! you have no love for your soul,
 To say I ate a rabbit whole!"
 "And so *you did*." " 'Tis false," he cried,
 "'Tis true, indeed," she quick replied.
 "You supped, as you have supped before,
 On a *Welsh rabbit*, nothing more!"
 Tim ope'd his eyes with wild surprise,
 His breath he scarce could fetch it,
 Aloud he cried, half petrified,
 "Good gracious, how folks **STRETCH IT!**"

AUNT NANCY'S MIND ON THE SUBJECT.

MARGARET E. SANGER.

From Harper's Bazar.

And this is the new New Testament,
 And 'tis come in the sweet o' the year,
 When the fields are shining in cloth of gold,
 And the birds are singing so clear;
 And over and into the grand old text,
 Reverent and thoughtful men,
 Through many a summer and winter past,
 Have been peering with book and pen.
 Till they've straightened the moods and tenses out,
 And dropped each obsolete phrase,
 And softened the strong, old-fashioned words
 To our daintier modern ways;
 Collated the ancient manuscripts,
 Particle, verb, and line,
 And faithfully done their very best
 To improve the book divine.
 I haven't a doubt they have meant it well,
 But it is not clear to me
 That we needed the trouble it was to them,
 On either side of the sea.
 I cannot help it, a thought that comes—

You know I am old and plain—
But it seems like touching the ark of God,
And the touch to my heart is pain.

For ten years past, and for five times ten
At the back of that, my dear,
I've made and mended and toiled and saved,
With my Bible ever near.

Sometimes it was only a verse at morn
That lifted me up from care,
Like the springing wings of a sweet-voiced lark
Cleaving the golden air ;

And sometimes of Sunday afternoons
'Twas a chapter rich and long,
That came to my heart in its weary hour
With the lilt of a triumph song.
I studied the precious words, my dear,
When a child at my mother's knee,
And I tell you the Bible I've always had
Is a good enough book for me.

I may be stubborn and out of date,
But my hair is white as snow,
And I love the things I learned to love
In the beautiful long ago.

I cannot be changing at my time ;
It would be losing a part of myself.
You may lay the new New Testament
Away on the upper shelf.

I cling to the one my good man read
In our fireside prayers at night ;
To the one my little children lisped
Ere they faded out of my sight.
I shall gather my dear one close again
Where the many mansions be,
And till then the Bible I've always had
Is a good enough book for me.

THE SPIDER.

A PARAGRAPHER'S IDEA IN REGARD TO THIS REMARK-
ABLE INSECT.

From the Boston Transcript.

The spider belongs to the order Arachnida ; and in order to write an interesting article about him, one must rack an idea or two from his poor brain.

The spider should be a good swimmer. As he is nearly always walking about on his web, of course he is web-footed.

The spider is very fond of the fly. He is very fly.

He has no head. He needs none. He always gets ahead of the fly.

The spider is a very devout insect, and is never ostentatious in its devotions ; but you may often see one after its prey.

They are wanting antennæ—that is to say, there antennæ on them.

The spiders are weavers by profession. Weaver notion you were aware of that, however.

There is a silk spider. He is always found among his silk.

You have often seen the spider hanging to a single thread. It thread-ends to fall every moment.

The poet was thinking of the spider when he said, "Beauty draws us with a single hair." Every spider has its single lair. Something single lair about this.

The fly can never get the hang of the spider. Hang the spider, he says.

A woman always screams when she sees a spider. If the spider 'spied her first there might be a scream-age.

Then there is the fry spider. It is made of iron. The maid of all work should keep her eye on it.

The female spider is very affectionate to its young. The

young are likewise fond of their mother. They have often in their affection ate her. They are never ashamed to live on their mother.

The spider is a good climber. It can be found in almost every clime.

The books mention tribes of men who eat the spiders, but most men shun them altogether.

As long ago as 1600, Sir John Davies sang of the “subtle spider.” But in the army were sutler things. We do not refer to Sir John this time. The surgeon was all right.

There is the bottle spider. Men who are familiar with the bottle can see this variety in greatest profusion.

The spiders are diverse in their religious learnings. They are divided in sects.

The maiden spiders are all spinsters.

The most remarkable spider we ever heard of was the insect which Robert Bruce saw, swinging from a beam. He should not beam mentioned among ordinary spiders.

This spider had to swing himself to the next beam. He had hard work of it. Probably his 'wings were clipped.

If we remember rightly, he tried it a dozen times unsuccessfully. Dozen this speak eloquently of the spider's perseverance?

The spider weaves his web; the web is a tissue; this story about Bruce's spider is probably a tissue—of falsehoods. "Tissuesual to get up such ridiculous stories about great men.

“TWO TOLLAR?”

From the Detroit Free Press.

There was a slight blaze on the roof of a house on Russell Street a few days ago, and when the insurance adjusters went up to make their survey they found that about two dollars would cover all the loss.

"Two tollar," exclaimed the owner when he heard the decision—"I can't take no two tollar."

"But you see for yourself that a dozen shingles and an hour's work will make good all damages."

"Gentlemens, you doan' put me off like dot. When my whife finds dot we vhas on fire, she creams boleeece and murder und falls down sthairs. Would you let your whife fall down sthairs for dot sum? If so, I goes home mit you und sees der fun."

"We do not insure husbands and wives, but buildings," was the reply.

"I know, but mein oldest poy he runs for der fire-box und falls a picket-fence oafar und breaks his good clothes all to pieces. Two tollar! Dot doan' bay me for coming op here."

"Yes, but we can only pay for actual damages."

"Dot's all I vphant. Who stole my dog ven my house vhas on fire? Dot dog ish gone, und he vhas ten tollar wort."

"We didn't insure the dog."

"Und maybe you don't insure dem poys who sat on der fence and called out: 'Dot ole Dutchman's red nose has set his house on fire!' Do you expect I take such sass like dot for two tollar? Und vhen the firemerfs come here dey break mein clothes-lines down mit der ladders, und dey spill wasser all oafar my carpets. Two tollar! Vhell, vhell! you go right avhay from here, und I takes dot old insurance bolicy und steps him into der mud!"

THE TROOPER'S STORY.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

Do I plead guilty to it? Yes, I do,

For I have never lied, and shall not now;

But give me a dog's leave to say a word

Touching what happened, and the why and how.

The night-guard went their round that night at one ;
My post was in the lower dungeon range,
Down level with the moat, all slime and ooze
And damp ; but there, 'tis fit we change and change,

We sentinels. Besides, 'twas in a sort
The place of honor, or of trust, we'll say,
For in the cell there with the mortised door
The young boy-lord, guilty of treason, lay.

Well, with my partisan I'd tramped an hour
Down in the dark there—just a lantern hung
By the wet wall—when close at hand I heard
My own name spoken by a woman's tongue.

My hair was like to lift my morion up,
For the keep's haunted ; but I turned to see
A woman like a ghost—white face, all white,
Ready to drop, and not a yard from me.

How she had come there, God in Heaven knows.
However, long before my tongue I'd found,
She tore out of her hair, the white pearls, big
As pigeon's eggs, and then drop'd to the ground.

“ One word !” she said, “ only one word with him.
He dies to-morrow ! See ! my pearls I give ;
My bracelets, too !” She slip'd them from her arms ;
“ One word, and I will bless you while I live.

“ Your face is stern. O ! but one word, one word !”
With my big hand I set her on her feet ;
But she clung to me ; would not be thrust off,
Still pleading in a bird's voice, soft and sweet.

“ Only one word with him !” that was her plea ;
“ One word ; he would be dead at break of day !”
She wept till all her pretty face was wet,
And my heart melted ; yea, she had her way.

They spoke together. Did I hear ? Not I.
Best ask me if I took her bribes. Well, there,
You know the rest ; know how yon Judas spy,
Yon starveling cur, crawled down the winding stairs.

And how he caught the bird fast in the cage,
 And made report of me with eager breath,
 For breach of duty. Right, it was a breach,
 And that means, in our soldier fashion, death !

Well, I can face it ; I'm no craven hound,
 Like yonder Judas spy. Nay, had I leave
 To slit his weasand for him, as I'd slice
 An onion, I'd meet death and never grieve.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

HORACE SMITH.

Three wags (whom some fastidious carpers might rather designate three sharpers) entered, at York, the Cat and Fiddle ; and, finding that the host was out on business for two hours or more, while Sam, the rustic waiter, wore the visage of a simple lout, whom they might safely try to diddle,—they ordered dinner in a canter,—cold or hot, it mattered not, provided it was served *instantly*. Sam soon produced a first-rate dinner, on which an alderman might dine ; joints hot and cold, dessert and wine, he spread before each hungry sinner. With talking, laughing, eating, and quaffing, the bottles stood no moment still. They rallied Sam with joke and banter, and, as they drained the last decanter, called for the bill.

'Twas brought,—when one of them, who eyed and added up the items, cried,—“Extremely moderate, indeed ! I'll make a point to recommend this inn to every traveling friend ; and you, Sam, shall be doubly fee'd.” This said, a weighty purse he drew, when his companion interposed :—“Nay, Harry, that will never do ; pray let your purse again be closed ; you paid all charges yesterday ; 'tis clearly now my turn to pay.” Harry, however, wouldn't listen to any such insulting offer ; his generous eyes appeared to glisten indignant at the very proffer ; and though his friend talked loud, his clangor served but to aggravate

Hal's anger. "My worthy fellow," cried the third, "now, really, this is too absurd. What! do you both forget, I haven't paid a farthing, yet? Am I in every house to cram, at your expense? 'Tis childish, quite. I claim this payment as my right. Here, how much is the money, Sam?"

The others bawled out fierce negation, and hot became the altercation, each in his purse his money rattling, insisting, arguing and battling. One of them cried, at last:—"A truce! Wrangling for trifles is no use. That we may settle what we three owe, we'll blindfold Sam, and whichever he catches of us first shall bear all the expenses of the trio, with half-a-crown (if that's enough) to Sam, for playing blindman's buff." Sam liked it hugely,—thought the ransom for a good game of fun handsome; gave his own handkerchief, beside, to have his eyes securely tied; and soon began to grope and search; when the three knaves, I needn't say, adroitly left him in the lurch, slipped down the stairs, and stole away. Poor Sam continued hard at work. Now o'er a chair he gets a fall; now floundering forward with a jerk, he bobs his nose against the wall; and now, encouraged by a subtle fancy that they're near the door, he jumps behind it to explore, and breaks his shins against the scuttle. Just in the crisis of his doom, the host returning, sought the room; Sam pounced upon him like a bruin, and almost shook him into ruin. "Huzza! I've caught you now; so down with the cash for all, and my half-crown!" Off went the bandage, and his eyes seemed to be goggling o'er his forehead, while his mouth widened with a horrid look of agonized surprise. "You gudgeon!" roared his master; "gull! and dunce! fool, as you are, in that you're right for once; 'tis clear that I must pay the sum; but this one thought my wrath assuages—that every half-penny shall come, dolt! from your wages!"

THE FINE OLD DUTCH GENTLEMAN.

ANON.

A PARODY ON "THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN."

I'll sing you now a Dietchen song, 'bout Hans Von Kroupleg-
heet,

Vot kept a lager bier saloon up in the Bowery shtreet ;
He eat de shwinepeef, shpeck un slough, un efery kind of meat,
Un I shvear mit mine good grashus, pon top de people, so much
as a barrel of sourkrout, un two pushels of lager bier, efery
morning he vood eat!

He vas a fine olt Dietchen shentleman, one of de pestest
kind.

By de freshtove in his bier saloon efery morning he vood shtand,
Mit a bottle of schnapps down by his side un a glass up in his
hand,

Un by himself he trinks dis doast, "Ich liebe die Vaderland !"
Un midout you couldst Dietsche vershtay, for he vold mix English
gasproken ven he'd say, "Speckleh-becksvon-grossen-dun-
der-un-blitzen-nut-de-swimegrahdle - skipoupens - die - dobbleshm,"
you couldst nix undershtand,

Dis fine olt Dietchen shentleman, von of de goot old kind.

His noze vas red as a beetle, yaw, by dunder, dat ish drue,
His mout pout fourdeen inches wide, his eyes vere plack ash
plue;

He pelongs mit de fresangerbund un he vas a turner, too,
Un poledicks makes mit him nix difference, but ven you comes
mit de Maine Lickers law, to dake away his lager bier, deu
dat vas so someding new,

To dis fine olt Dietchen shentleman, von of de pestest kind.

Dis fine olt Dietchen shentleman he vent to bed drunk efery
night,

Un somedimes von dere vas coming rount elections, met de udder
fellers he'd fight;

Un slouck dem on de koup mit a touble-barrel'd powie-knife, but
I don't tink dat vas rite,

For ven von of dem beeples haf his head preaked into his nose all
ofer his face, un vos nearly drowned mit a big shtick, I dell
you somedings rite away shust now dat vas a sorry sight,
To dis fine olt Dietchen shentleman, von of de good olt
kind.

But von time dere comes some droubles, un he fight mit all his
main,
Dough he vas kilt von two ash six eight dosen couple of times, he
shumps up un fites again,
Dill his head vas all splitted open down his pack, un den de blood
comes down like rain ;
Un py un py come dere de coroner mit de shury, un sit on him
spout dtwenty-two hours ash tree quarters, un skqueeze all
de preth out of his body, den dey prings in a verdigrass, vot
he dies from prandy and vater on de prain,
Does dis fine olt Dietchen shentleman, de subject of dis
song.

POETICAL CONUNDRUMS.

H. C. DODGE.

From the Whitehall Times.

"Twas Harry who the silence broke :

" Miss Kate, why are you like a tree ?"

" Because, because—I'm board," she spoke.

" Oh, no ; because you're woo'd," said he.

" Why are you like a tree ?" she said.

" I have a—heart ?" he asked, so low.

Her answer made the young man red :

" Because you're sappy, don't you know ?"

" Once more," she asked, " why are you now

A tree ?" He couldn't quite perceive.

" Trees leave sometimes and make a bow,

And you can always bow—and leave."

HOW TO MANAGE A HOG.

From the Stillwater Lumberman.

ANON.

At midnight the summons came. Maria Ann thrust her elbow cleverly between two of my ribs, and whispered in ghostly accents: "Joshua, there is a hog in the garden." I have lived with Maria long enough to know that she expects me to catch her ideas instantly; and although she had not said anything about it, I knew that she anticipated that I would rise in my might and go for that hog. I accordingly arose in my might and began groping around for my pantaloons. I felt that without them I could not appear to that advantage that would command the respect of the hog. I had no idea we possessed so much wearing apparel until I began to take an inventory of it, in the dark, while looking for my pantaloons. I got hold of articles with edging, and articles with flounces, and with embroidery, and with strings, while Maria kept whispering through the gloom: "That hog will eat up all the potatoes before you get down stairs. You are fearfully slow." I suppose she whispered for fear the hog would hear her and become offended. She never could bear to give any offense, not even to a hog, excepting me. All the time I was trying on things that did not fit me, but finally I lit into some sort of a garment, that had what was intended for a row of buttons on it, and I buttoned it up, although there was a light and airy cheerfulness about it that did not seem entirely familiar. I got half down stairs, when it suddenly occurred to me that the hog was not in our garden, for the very good reason that we had no garden for a hog to get into; still we had a cistern, and the hog might get into that. It would be just like a hog. This thought so startled me that I rolled down to the bottom of the stairs, a feat made easier from the fact that I seemed to be pretty well

tangled up in the garment I had adopted. Maria Ann, who always proves equal to an emergency, soothed me a good deal by coming to the top of the stairs and calling me an idiot, and other pet titles she is in the way of applying in moments of tenderness.

I got out of the front door as soon as possible, and the hog, who was looking at the house from the front yard, apparently with a view of renting it, stood appalled. I did not wonder at this. In my haste in dressing I had inadvertently put on Maria Ann's *polonaise*, and it stands to reason that a man arrayed in a white night-shirt and a blue *polonaise*, rushing from the front door of a house at the solemn hour of midnight, must present an appalling spectacle to any hog. After recovering from his momentary astonishment, the hog took three more kinks in his tail, and scooted three times around the yard. The front gate was wide open, but he never thought of going through that. He seemed to be looking for a good place to jump over the fence. I tangled myself up in the *polonaise* again and took a flying leap into the yard, landing on my left eyebrow. We do not give women half the credit they deserve. I am convinced that it requires more downright genius to pilot a *polonaise* cut with darts in the back, and trimmed with knife-pleating, than it does to manage a National Presidential Convention. The hog ran around the yard three times more in the opposite direction, with four kinks in his tail. I am slow to wrath, but I am afraid I was beginning to get mad; and when I went around behind the house and got a hatchet, I am obliged to confess that it was with a firm purpose to kill that hog or die trying to. I don't think the hog had noticed the woodshed until I went there for the hatchet, but when I returned to the front yard he immediately retired to the woodshed, and then I knew I had him cornered.

Maria had by this time recovered her presence of mind, and had got her head out of a front window up stairs, and

was yelling "Fire!" with all her might, and in a way calculated to be of inestimable service to me. All I needed to spur me on to glory, was some one to yell "Fire!" I entered the woodshed cautiously, and found the hog completely at my mercy, unless he made a hole through the kitchen door, and escaped that way. He did not do that. On the contrary, he rushed right at me. I stepped back rather hastily, not because he scared me any, but to prevent him from tearing my *polonaise*. I am always careful to keep hogs off my *polonaise*, so far as possible. There was a wash-tub full of suds behind me, and as I stepped back out of the way of the hog, in a fit of absent-mindedness, I sat in that tub. It may seem curious, but my recollection is that the tub fitted me a good deal more snugly than the *polonaise* had, and yet I had never tried that tub on before in all my born days. The only way out of the tub was to tip it over and float out on the suds, and that I at once did. Maria, still true to me and my affliction, opened the kitchen door, and with her face full of wifely anxiety, and surrounded by a night-cap frill, and her mouth wide open, she really looked like a saint or something, but she was remarking "Murder!" at the time, and her voice so startled the hog that he ran over me before I could get out of the suds. How he managed to step on me thirty-two times in running over me once, is a mystery both to Maria Ann and myself; but he did, because we counted the spots his hoofs made. After running over me he walked out of the front gate as solemnly as though he were on his way to church, and it is my sober belief that he came into the yard on purpose to run over me, and for nothing else. Maria Ann declares she won't wear that *polonaise* any more, and I am tolerably sure I shall not; not if I know it. I never knew a *polonaise* to come to such sudden—soap sudden—destruction before. Never!

“IT IS NOT MORNING YET.”

ANON.

- “Is it not morning yet?” From side to side,
The sick girl tossed, hot-browed and heavy-eyed,
And moaned with feverish breath when I replied,
“It is not morning yet.”
- “Is it not morning yet?” O leaden hours,
How slow they move! The night more darkly lowers,
Cold on the wan leaves strike the sudden showers;
“It is not morning yet.”
- “Is it not morning yet?” The clock ticks on,
The sands fall slow, not half the night is gone;
Again I answer to that restless moan—
“Is it not morning yet?”
- “Is it not morning yet?” With tender care
I bathe her brow, and smooth her damp, fair hair,
And try to soothe her with soft words of prayer.
“It is not morning yet.”
- “Is it not morning yet?” If she could sleep,
If those tired lids those burning eyes could keep!
God knows the thorns are sharp, the road is steep!
“It is not morning yet.”
- “Is it not morning yet?” “’Tis coming, dear.”
And, while I speak, the shadows press more near,
And all the room grows colder with my fear.
“It is not morning yet.”
- “Is it not morning yet?” How faint and low
The piteous accents! Do not tremble so
My heart, nor fail me, while I answer, “No—
It is not morning yet.”
- “Is it not morning yet?” I bow my head;
God answers—while the eastern sky glows red,
And smiles upon the still face on the bed—
“Yes, it is morning now!”

CATCHING SUNSHINE.

From the Rural Home.

ANON.

My next door neighbor's little girl,
 A cunning two-year old,
 Wondered one day why drooped her flowers,
 And pleaded to be told.

Then said her mamma : " Here-in-doors
 The sunshine doesn't come
 To warm and bless and gladden them,
 And drive away their gloom.

And so they droop, as children do
 Who get no tender love
 To cheer them on that upward way
 Whereon we all must move."

Next day, when mamma went to seek
 Her darling at her play,
 She found her standing in the sun
 In just the queerest way.

For there she held aloft a cup
 Above her pretty head,
 " What are you doing, Lulu, dear?"
 Mamma, astonished, said.

And she, her cup still held aloft—
 Bless her, ye heavenly powers !
 " I'm catching sunshine, mamma, dear,
 To give my 'ittle f'owers."

Type of all children there was she ;
 Who in life's garden stand,
 Still holding patiently aloft
 Their life-cups in their hand.

We, buried in our sordid cares,
 Are flowers that droop and die ;
 They catch God's sunshine as its pours
 Forever from on high.

Upon our weary, aching hearts
 They let its blessings fall ;
 Their office this in every land,
 In cottage, hut, or hall.

And so the world is kept alive,
 And freshened every minute,
 By the dear grace that overflows
 In children who are in it.

THE CONSOLIDATION IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

From the Liederkrans Carnival Gazette.

ANON.

A Yorkville man the other day saw a citizen sitting disconsolately on the top of the railroad tunnel, gazing down an air-hole.

“What is the matter ?” he inquired.

The citizen raised his head and looked vaguely at the questioner.

Then he asked : “Are you Jay Gould ?”

“No,” replied the other man.

“Is your name Eckert ?”

“No.”

“Are you, perhaps, the President of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company ?”

“No.”

“Well, have you got a chew of tobacco about you ?”

He got the chew, and continued :

“Are you acquainted with this consolidation business ? I ask only because there has been some consolidation in my house.”

“Who has been consolidated ?” asked the citizen.

“That’s just what I want to find out,” the other man said, as he mournfully removed his hat and showed a bald head that looked like a circus ring after the grand triumphal entrée : “you see, my wife and her mother kinder

pooled their issues this morning, and I first became aware of an uneasy feeling in the market when the question of getting up to light the fire came before the board. I voted to appoint my wife a committee of one, and the vote on that motion was a dead tie. Then in came my mother-in-law, and I suppose she held some proxies, for I found myself outvoted all of a sudden."

"How was that?" asked the sympathizing citizen.

"Well, maybe it was the shock to my modesty at having to receive the old lady in that informal way. Maybe it was the rolling-pin she had with her. I'm inclined to think it was a mixture of the two, with the rolling-pin ruling high. Anyway, I did the igniting. Then I went short on a proposition to split the wood, and the bull movement was too strong for me. So I thought I would change my tactics, and I undertook to make a corner in griddle cakes, when breakfast time came round. But somehow or other that boom flattened out prematurely."

Here he paused, and looked sadly over toward the emigrant pen on Ward's Island.

"Yes," he resumed, "I undertook to cover my shorts once or twice; but I didn't get much ahead. The mother-in-law was firm at fifty-seven, and I took a tumble. Well, about an hour ago the combination declared an assessment of fifteen dollars on my stock to establish a sinking fund for a new bonnet. Then I was kinder sold out under the rule—and the rolling-pin. Which should you say was the consolidation end of that transaction? Is it the operators in the ring, or is it the party who is outside and who gets left?"

The citizen said he guessed it must be the allied forces.

"That's what I thought, that's what I thought," said the man, wearily; "and if that's the case, there's a consolidation in the Hooplehorn family, and I'm outside of it."

And then he got up and walked down to the police-boat

wharf, and sat on the string-piece and watched for a break in the floating cakes of ice.

MIKE'S CONFESSION.

From Scribner's Magazine.

ANON.

Now Mike was an ostler of very good parts,
 Yet sly as a church-mouse was he ;
 And he came to confess to the new parish priest,
 Like a pious and true devotee.

When his sins were reeled off till no more could be found,
 Said the priest : " Are you sure you've told all ?
 Have the mouths of the horses never been greased,
 So they couldn't eat oats in the stall ?"

" With respect to yer riv'rence," said Mike, with a grin,
 " Sure for that ye may lave me alone ;
 I've scraped till there's niver a sin left behoid—
 Me conscience is clane to the bone !"

So absolved, happy Mike went away for more sins,
 Till the day came around to tell all ;
 And the very first thing he confessed :—He had greased
 The mouth of each horse in the stall !

" How is this ?" said the priest. " When here, but last week,
 You never had done this, you swore ?"

" Faith, thanks to yer riv'rence," said Mike, " sich a thing
 I niver had heerd of before !"

BRIC-A-BRAC.

OBSERVATIONS OF REV. GABE TUCKER.

ANON.

From Scribner's Magazine.

You may notch it on de palin's as a mighty resky plan
 To make your judgment by de clo'es dat kivers up a man ;
 For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come ercross

A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss.
 An', wukin in de low-groun's, you diskiver, as you go,
 Dat de fines' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in a row!

I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for Heben
 Dat holds on to his piety but one day out o' seben ;
 Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn chat
 An' nebber draps a nickel in de missionary hat ;
 Dat's foremost in de meetin'-house for raisin' all de chunes,
 But lays aside his ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons!

I neber judge o' people dat I meets along de way
 By de places whar dey come fum an' de houses whar dey stay ;
 For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin pretty high,
 An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky ;
 Dey kotches little minners in de middle ob de sea,
 An' you finds de smallest' 'possum up de bigges' kind o' tree!

UNCLE JOEL.

ANON.

HE ELUCIDATES A POINT OR TWO FOR "MISTAH JACK-
 SEN."

From the Albany Argus.

Passing along the wharves the other day, I sat down to rest upon the end of a pile of lumber. In a few moments I heard voices in earnest conversation, and, partially hidden by the lumber, I observed two persons, one of whom I instantly recognized as Uncle Joel. The African philosopher's companion was also a colored man, old enough to be with a side show, and funny enough in appearance to stand as a model for a minstrel cut. After a short pause, I heard the following conversation :

"Does yo' b'leebe eberyting in de nusepapahs, Uncle Joel?" queried the unknown, in a voice that sounded like a snare drum without the snares.

"Mistah Jacksen, yo' might ez well ax me ef I eat eberyting in de maakit. I doan' see eberyting in de nuse-

papahs. Nebbahdeless, ter take yo' queschun ez hit am meant, in de figgertiv sense, I kin say dat I b'leebe de greatest po'shun of w'at I read in de nusepapahs, barrin' de advahtisemen's, de eddytoruls, does assershuns dat 'fict wid my sense ob de possible, an' dose tings dat am o'namented wid big lettahs on de top."

"W'at hab de big lettahs on de top ob a verse in de nusepapah gotter do wid de verse hitself, Uncle Joel?"

"Mistah Jacksen, truf doan' need any brass ban' fo'ter interduce hit; hit stan's on hits merits. I suspishun de varassity ob a piece in de papah dat am dus o'namented on de same principle dat I suspishun de enthusiasm ob an auctioneer ober a pa'cel ob secon'-han' furncher. But w'y did yo' ax me de interrogashun, Mistah Jacksen?"

"Well, de reason I ax yo' de queschun am dis. De last' poun' ob codfish dat I pu'chased war enclosed in a piece ob a nusepapah; an' in dat piece ob a nusepapah war an article tellin' 'bout a man obah in Chicago goin' widout vittles fo' mo' dan six weeks. Do yo' swaller any such fodder ez dat, Uncle Joel?"

"Not widout fust weighin' hit in de scales ob reason, an' cookin' hit in de fiah ob argyment, Mistah Jacksen. De Lawd created man wid a stomach, an' de stomach needs vittles jest ez shuahly ez a steam engine requiahs watah an' fiah an' a balloon wind. De stomach am a peculiah apparatus, Mistah Jacksen, an' one dat am much abused. Ez long ez yo' treat hit wid kin' moderation yo' can bet on hit ez de safest fren' yo' po-sess; but de moment yo' go back on hit dat moment hit am yo' enemy. Some people treat dair stomachs as dough da war galvanized iron ketchalls, wid self-adjustin' patent ingyrubbah pockets. Ef yo' hiah a man ter lay a brick walk in front ob yo' residence, an' aftahwaads insist dat he shall not only do de job agreed on, but paint yo' house, clean yo' chimneys, black yo' stoves an' shake yo' caapets, yo' mus'n be took aback ef de man quits de primary job. Likewise wid

de stomach, wich war bestowed fo' de pu'poss ob assimy-latin' plain provendah. Ef yo' impose on hit by arrangin' a rasslin' match 'tween hit an' sich tings ez frozen cawn staach, odahwise called ice cream, goose libbahs wid truffles, boned turkey wid mustaad sauce, be-devilled kidneys and cowcumbahs on de haf shell, yo' musn't plead igneruns ob de law ob cause an' 'fect wen yo' am bidden to yo' own obsequies. Yo'll fin' mo' evidence ob a centennial birthday in a good plate ob hash, seasoned wid ingins, Mistah Jacksen, dan yo' will in all de bills of faah ebbah put togeddah by de aid ob a French spellin' book."

"Dat may all be true, Uncle Joel, but wat am hit gotter do wid de man in Chicago?"

"Mistah Jacksen, w'en yo' ax my 'pinyun on a subjec', I 'sidah dat yo' want hit; but yo' musn't 'splay so much impashens. Did yo' ebbah see anybody eat a ches'nut widout fust removin' de burr an' den de shuck? Spose'n yo' got on de keers ter go ter Cohoes, an' w'en de train 'rived at Wes' Troy yo' shud pull de conductah by de coat tail an' hollah, 'Heah, dis am Wes' Troy. I wanter go ter Cohoes?' Doan yo' spouse dat de conductah wo'd tell yo' dat Wes' Troy war a necessary stage ob de journey, an' dat ef yo' wanted ter gitter yo' destynashun befo' de train did dat yo' had bettah go by tellygraf or walk? Yo' 'splay too much haste, Mistah Jacksen. Ef yo' want my 'pinyun on de queschun broached yo' kin obtain him. But yo' mus' 'membah dat I am de conductah ob dis train ob reasonin', an' dat ef yo' jump off'n de train befo' hit reaches hits destination yo' miss de connection."

"I'm ready fo' de train ter purceed, Uncle Joel," replied Mr. Jackson, in a conciliatory tone.

"Ter return ter de stomach," continued Uncle Joel. "W'ile hit am true dat yo' musn't gib a dog meat ebery time he wags his tail, hit am also true dat ef yo' doan' feed him 'cashunelly, de tail won't wag. Dahfo', yo' might ez well 'spec dat an eight-day clock will continner to make

hits roun' trips ef yo' hang hit's key up befo' hits face on de opposite side of de room once a week ez ter 'spec dat de stomach will support de body anytomic on wind pud'n. Mistah Jacksen, fools may die, but foolishness libs fo'ebbah. Men dat can't 'tract 'tenshun any oddah way, fool roun' wid flyin' masheens till da break dair necks, jump off'n high places inter de watah tell da git drown'd, 'speryment wid perpetual moshun till da get a life sentence in de lunytic asylum, push wheel-barrows 'cross de contynent till da git lost in de woods, or 'tempt ter cross de oshen in a peanut shuck. Dis alleged bisnis ob libbin' widout fodder war 'nawgyrated by Doctah Tannah, who don't diffah much f'om de prebious 'sperymentahs wid perpetual moshun. His theory dat fastin' 'll kuah disease am all right, but he fails ter add dat hit'll kill de fastah. De doctah misjedged de quality ob de foolishness ob mankind. Yo' can't find many flies 'roun' a mustaad pot, Mistah Jacksen, an' dough fools go in droves, da resemble de jackass in dat da nebbah lose any oats f'om lack ob brayin'. Ez ter de doctah's claim dat he didn't eat in fo' weeks, de people convicted him ob lyin' on suckumstanshel evydens, relyin' on de suckumstans dat he war still alive ter complete de chain. De only imytator de doctah hab had war de Chicago man, an' de jury ob de public convicted him on de same evydens widout leabin' dair seats. I read in de paper de oddah day dat de doctah war goin' fo' ter feed on 'lectricity durin' de comin' winter, an' call hit fastin'. Did yo' ebbah see a tellygraf message skippin' obah de wiahs, Mistah Jacksen?"

"I hab watched de tellygraf wiahs fo' hours, Uncle Joel, wid dat objec' in view, but nevah seen one yit."

"Dat's de point pursisely, Mistah Jacksen. Dis am de age ob 'lectricity, an' da am squeezin' wondahs out'n hit. Aldo' yo' can't see de tellygraf message skip obah de wiah, de fac' remains dat hit skips; an' dough de doctah kin fool de multitude wid de 'lectricity bisnis, he can't strike

me wid lightnin'. He intends fo' ter encompass jes' ez much cawn beef an' cabbage ez ob yore, Mistah Jacksen, but hit'll be shot inter him by tellygraf, an' dahfo' hit'll be invisible ter de lookahs on."

As Uncle Joel finished, he removed his cane from a projecting board, and without deigning to look at Mr. Jackson, departed. The latter sat for a moment as though bewildered; but after ejaculating, "Dis mus' be Cohoes," arose with an effort, and disappeared in the darkness with the labored motion of a heavily-loaded wheelbarrow in the hands of a boy.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

From the French of François Coppée.

Soon as her lover to the war had gone,
 Without or tears or commonplace despair,
 Irene de Grandfief, a maiden pure
 And noble-minded, reassumed the garb
 That at the convent she had worn—black dress
 With narrow pelerine—and the small cross
 In silver at her breast. Her piano closed,
 Her jewels put away—all save one ring,
 Gift of the Viscount Roger on that eve
 In the past spring-time when with tremulous joy
 She had pledged her life—in quiet corner—mindless
 Of what was done, unheeding what was said,
 Pale, stoical, she waited.

When he learned
 Our first defeat, the Viscount, as a man
 Smitten when joyous at high festival,
 Groaned; but his action gallant was and prompt.
 Bidding farewell, and from Irene's brow
 Culling one silken tress, that he might wear it
 In gold medallion close upon his heart,
 Without delay or hindrance, in the ranks

He took a private's place. What that war was
Too well is known.

Impassible, and speaking
Seldom as might be of her absent lover,
Irene daily, at a certain hour,
Watched at her window till the postman came
Down o'er the hill along the public road,
His mail-bag at his back. If he passed by,
Nor any letter left, she turned away,
Stifling a long-drawn sigh; and that was all.

But Roger wrote; nor were Irene's fears,
Up to mid-August, unendurable.
He with the army was in fact at Metz
Blocked in. Then, gathering from a fugitive
Who had fled thence that Roger had survived
The earlier battles, she in sight of all
Held back her rebel tears, and bravely strove
To live debarred of tidings. She became
More pious, passing many an hour at church.
Often she visited the village poor,
Freest of converse, liberal most, in homes
Whence by the war the sons had been withdrawn.

Then came the siege of Paris—hideous time!
Spreading through France as gangrene spreads, invasion
Drew near Irene's château. Uhlans foraged
The country round. But all in vain the priest
And the old doctor, in their evening talk
Grouped with the family around the hearth,
Death for their constant theme before her took.
No sad foreboding could that young heart know.
Roger at Metz was with his regiment safe,
At the last date unwounded. He was living;
He must be living; she was sure of that,
Thus by her faith in faithful love sustained,
Counting her beads, she waited, waited on.

Wakened, one morning, with a start, she heard
In the far copses of the park shots fired
In quick succession. 'Twas the enemy!

She would be brave as Roger. So she blushed
 At her own momentary fear; then, calm
 As though the incident a trifle were,
 Her toilet made; and, having duly said
 Her daily prayer, not leaving out one Ave,
 Down to the drawing-room as usual went,
 A smile upon her lips.

It had indeed
 Been a mere skirmish—that, and nothing more.
 Thrown out as scouts, a few Bavarian soldiers
 Had been abruptly by our Franc-Tireurs
 Surprised and driven off. The distant glades
 Resumed their wonted silence.

“’Twould be well,”
 Remarked Irene, “that an ambulance
 Were posted here.”

In fact, they had picked up
 Just at that moment, where the fight had been,
 A wounded officer—Bavarian was he—
 Shot through the neck. And, when they brought him in,
 That tall young man, all pale, eyes closed, and bleeding,
 Stretched on a mattress, without sigh or shudder
 Irene had him carefully borne up
 Into the room by Roger occupied
 When he came wooing there. Then, while they put
 The wounded man to bed, she carried out
 Herself his vest and cloak all black with blood;
 Bade the old valet wear an air less glum,
 And stir himself with more alacrity;
 And, when the doctor dressed the wound, lent aid,
 As of the Sisterhood of Charity,
 With her own hands. The officer at last,
 Wonder and gratitude upon his face,
 Sank down among the pillows deftly laid.
 Then, by that drowsy head she took a seat,
 Asked for what linen rags might be at hand,
 And wrought them into lint. Irene thus
 Interpreted her duty.

Evening came,
 Bringing the doctor. When he saw his patient,

A strange expression flitted o'er his face,
 As to himself he muttered: "Yes; flushed cheek;
 Pulse beating much too high. Phew! a bad night;
 Fever, delirium, and the rest that follows!"—
 "But will he die?" with tremor on her lip
 Irene asked.

"Who knows? If possible,
 I must arrest the fever. This prescription
 Often succeeds. But some one must take note
 Of the oncoming fits; must watch till morn,
 And tend him closely."

"Doctor, I am here."

"Not you, young lady! Service such as this
 One of your valets can——"

"No, doctor, no!
 Roger perchance may be a prisoner yonder,
 Hurt, ill. If he such tending should require
 As does this officer, I would he had
 A German woman for his nurse."

"So be it,"
 Answered the doctor, offering her his hand.
 "You will keep watch, then, through the night.

The fever
 Must not take hold, or he will straightway die.
 Give him the potion four times every hour.
 I will return to judge of its effects
 At daylight." Then he went his way, and left
 Irene to her office self-imposed.

Scarcely a minute had she been in charge,
 When the Bavarian, to Irene turning,
 With eye half opened looked at her and spoke.
 "This doctor," said he, "thought I was asleep;
 But I heard every word. I thank you, lady;
 I thank you from my very inmost heart—
 Less for myself than for her sake, to whom
 You would restore me, and who there at home
 Awaits me."

"Hush!" she said. "Sleep if you can.

Do not excite yourself. Your life depends
On perfect quiet."

"No," he answered—"no!
I must at once unload me of a secret
That weighs upon me. I a promise made;
And I would keep it. Death may be at hand."

"Speak, then," Irene said, "and ease your soul."
"The war . . . oh, what an infamy is war!
It was last month, by Metz; 'twas my ill fate
To kill a Frenchman."

She turned pale, and lowered
The lamp-light to conceal it. He continued :

"We were sent forward to surprise a cottage
Strengthened and held by some of yours. We did
As hunters do when stalking game. The night
Was clouded. Silent, arms in hand, in force,
Along the poplar-boarded path we crept
Up to the French post. I, first, drove my sabre
Into the soldier's back who sentry stood
Before the door. He fell; nor gave the alarm.
We took the cottage, putting to the sword
Every soul there."

Irene with her hands
Covered her eyes.

"Disgusted with such carnage,
Loathing such scene, I stepped into the air,
Just then the moon broke through the clouds and showed me
There at my feet a soldier on the ground
Writhing, the rattle in his throat. 'Twas he,
The sentry whom my sabre had transpierced.
Touched with compassion sudden and supreme,
I stooped, to offer him a helping hand;
But, with choked voice, 'It is too late,' he said.
'I must needs die. . . You are an officer—
A gentleman, perchance.' 'Yes; tell me, quick;
What can I for you?' 'Promise—only promise
To forward this,' he said, his fingers clutching
A gold medallion hanging at his breast,

Dabbled in blood, 'to—' Then his latest thought
 Passed with his latest breath. The loved one's name,
 Mistress or bride affianced, was not told
 By that poor Frenchman. Seeing blazoned arms
 On the medallion, I took charge of it,
 Hoping to trace her at some future day
 Among the old nobility of France,
 To whom reverts the dying soldier's gift.
 Here it is. Take it. But, I pray you, swear
 That, if death spares me not, you will fulfill
 This pious duty in my place."

Therewith

He the medallion handed her; and on it
 Irene saw the Viscount's blazoned arms.
 Then—her heart agonized with mortal woe—
 "I swear it, sir!" she murmured. "Sleep in peace!"

Solaced by having this disclosure made,
 The wounded man sank down in sleep. Irene,
 Her bosom heaving, and with eyes aflame
 Though tearless all, stood rooted by his side.
 Yes, he is dead, her lover! Those his arms;
 His blazon that, no less renowned than ancient;
 The very blood-stains his! Nor was his death
 Heroic, soldier-like. Struck from behind,
 Without or cry or call for comrades' help,
 Roger was murdered. And there, sleeping, lies
 The man who murdered him! Yes; he has boasted
 How in the back the traitorous blow was dealt.
 And now he sleeps with drowsiness oppressed,
 Roger's assassin; and 'twas she, Irene,
 Who bade him sleep in peace! And then, again,
 With what cruel mockery, cruel and supreme—
 She from this brow must wipe away the sweat!
 She by this couch must watch till dawn of day,
 As loving mother by a suffering child!
 She must at briefest intervals to him
 Administer the remedy prescribed,
 So that he die not! And the man himself
 Counting on this in quiet, sheltered, housed

Under the roof of hospitality !
 And there the flask upon the table stands
 Charged with his life. He waits it ! Is not this
 Beyond imagination horrible ?

What ! while she feels creeping and growing on her
 All that is awful in the one word "Hate !"
 While in her breast the ominous anger seethes
 That nerved, in Holy Scripture, Jael's arm
 To drive the nail through Sisera's head !—she save
 The accursed German ! Oh, away ! such point
 Forbearance reaches not. What !—while it glitters
 There in the corner, the brass-pommed sword
 Wherewith the murderer struck, and fell desire,
 Pierce impulse, bids it from the scabbard leap—
 Shall she, in deference to vague prejudice,
 To some fantastic notion that affects
 Human respect and duty, shall she put
 Repose and sleep and antidote and life
 Into the horrible hand by which all joy
 Is ravished from her ? Never ! She will break
 The assuaging flask. . . . But no ! 'Twere needless that
 She needs but leave Fate to work out its end.
 Fate, to avenge her, seems to be at one
 With her resolve. 'Twere but to let him die !
 Yes ; there the life-preserving potion stands ;
 But for one hour might she not fall asleep ?

Then, all in tears, she murmured, "Infamy !"

And still the struggle lasted, till the German,
 Roused by her deep groans from his wandering dreams,
 Moved, ill at ease, and, feverish, begged for drink.

Up toward the antique Christ in ivory
 At the bed's head suspended on the wall
 Irene raised the martyr's look sublime ;
 Then, ashen pale, but ever with her eyes
 Turned to the God of Calvary, poured out
 The soothing draught, and with a delicate hand
 Gave to the wounded man the drink he asked.

Thou, Lord, and thou alone, didst see what passed
 Beside that couch in those funereal hours.
 When in that gloom the Evil Spirit spoke,
 Thou, who by Satan to the desert led
 Couldst only at the last find strength to say,
 "Get thee behind me!" thou, O Lord! didst pardon
 That tempted soul. And when she bowed her head
 Before the final anguish, thou alone
 Wert witness, and alone thou didst approve.
 Remembering then that on the Mount of Olives
 Thou didst recoil from thy impending doom.
 And meekly pray, "O Father, let this cup
 Pass from me!" thou with pity didst behold
 That heart too sorely smitten. Who can doubt,
 Lord, that thy blessing was on her vouchsafed?

But when the doctor in the morning came,
 And saw her still beside the officer,
 Tending him still and giving him his drink
 With trembling fingers, he was much amazed.
 Irene had white hair!

 VERY HARD TO PLEASE.

ANON.

There is a gentleman in this city who has acquired the habit of going to a fruit stand, and after pricing the melons, &c., and after eating about five cents' worth of peanuts, objects to the price and does not buy.

Yesterday the fruit man made up his mind to sell him something, anyhow.

"How much are these melons?" inquired the peanut fiend.

"Five cents a piece."

"Can I pick my melon?"

"Take the biggest you can find."

"Let me plug 'em to find a ripe one?"

"Here's a knife; split 'em wide open."

"Don't you throw in a banana?"

"Always."

"Whew! If I had any way to get the melon home, I believe I'd invest."

"Just say the word, and I'll send you both home in a new hack, and give you ninety days to pay for the melon."

"Melons are going to be cheaper after a while, but if the chromo suits I'd take the melon. No colic in it, is there? Let me see the chromo."

"What chromo?"

"Why, you ought to be able to throw in a chromo, if you mean business. I always get a chromo for a cash transaction like that. Sorry can't trade." And he picked up a handful of peanuts and sauntered off.

BE AS THOROUGH AS YOU CAN.

From the Enterprise.

ANON.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
 Do it, boys, with all your might!
 Never be a little true,
 Or a little in the right.
 Trifles even
 Lead to heaven,
 Trifles make the life of man;
 So in all things,
 Great or small things,
 Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck that surface dim—
 Spotless truth and honor bright!
 I'd not give a fig for him
 Who says any lie is white!
 He who falters,
 Twists or alters

Little atoms when we speak,
 May deceive me;
 But believe me,
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong,
 Love the old if you are young,
Own a fault if you are wrong,
 If you're angry hold your tongue.
 In each duty
 Lies a beauty.

If your eyes you do not shut,
 Just as surely,
 And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

Love with all your heart and soul,
 Love with eye and ear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole,
 You never can love too much!
 'Tis the glory
 Of the story

In our babyhood begun;
 Our hearts without it—
 Never doubt it—
Are the worlds without a sun.

If you think a word will please,
 Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
 When no act is asked from you,
 Words may often
 Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
 They are treasures
 Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

Whatsoever you find to do,
 Do it, then, with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
 Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.

THE SEA-GIRT ISLE.

Prayer in all things,
 Great and small things,
 Like a Christian-gentleman ;
 And forever,
 Now or never,
 Be as thorough as you can.

THE SEA-GIRT ISLE.

FATHER EDWARD FURCELL.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

Come, fill the cup, we'll drink to-night
 To the land that gave us birth ;
 The sparkling wine with its rosy light
 Was made for the sons of earth.
 And oh ! if a tear our eyes should dim,
 When we think of the friends we miss,
 We'll steal a ray from the goblet's brim,
 And bathe the tear in bliss.

Then fill the cup to the sea-girt isle,
 To the dear remembered few,
 Whose lips, perhaps, at this moment smile
 In the homes our childhood knew ;
 For, alas ! full many a year has flown
 Since our parted bosoms met,
 But affection's chain was round us thrown,
 And its links are shining yet.

The strings of the harp have murmured long,
 With many a tale of woe,
 But there's joy to-night and the tide of song
 From its innermost founts shall flow ;
 And memory, like an angel bright,
 From Eden's blissful bowers,
 Will fill the soul with a holy light,
 And cover the heart with flowers.

Yes, our country's love embalms the heart,
 Wherever our barks may sweep,

As the leaves of the rose, tho' torn apart,
Their share of the perfume keep.
Then thus, while every goblet foams,
Let this be the pledge we'll give—
Our native isle and our early homes,
And the land in which we live.

ON THE OTHER TRAIN.

ANON.

A CLOCK'S STORY.

"There, Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you trot that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until the 1:05 A. M."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you. 'Twas only your confounded stupid carelessness."

"She——"

"*She!* You fool! What else could you expect of her! Probably she hasn't any wit; besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey—got a pass up the road to the poor-house. I'll go and tell her, and if you forget her to-night, see if I don't make mince meat of you!" and our worthy ticket agent shook his fist menacingly at his subordinate.

"You've missed your train, marm," he remarked, coming forward to a queer looking bundle in the corner.

A trembling hand raised the faded black veil, and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw.

"Never mind," said a quivering voice.

"'Tis only three o'clock now; you'll have to wait until the night train, which doesn't go up until 1:05."

"Very well, sir; I can wait."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel? Simmons will show you the way."

"No, thank you, sir. One place is as good as another to me. Besides, I haven't any money."

"Very well," said the agent, turning away indifferently. "Simmons will tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought sometimes she must be asleep, but when I looked more closely I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her cheek, which she would wipe away hastily with her cotton handkerchief.

The depot was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9:50 train going east came due; then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare, indeed, that any one takes the night express, and almost always after ten o'clock, the depot becomes silent and empty.

The ticket agent put on his great coat, and bidding Simmons keep his wits about him for once in his life, departed for home.

But he had no sooner gone than that functionary stretched himself out upon the table, as usual, and began to snore vociferously.

Then it was I witnessed such a sight as I never had before and never expect to again.

The fire had gone down—it was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally outside. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows upon the wall. By and by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked in that direction. She had risen from her seat, and oh! the look of agony on the poor pinched face.

"I can't believe it," she sobbed, wringing her thin, white hands. "Oh! I can't believe it! My babies! my babies! how often have I held them in my arms and kissed them; and how often they used to say back to me, 'Ise love you, mamma,' and now, O God! they've turned against me. Where am I going? To the poor-house! No! no! no! I cannot! I will not! Oh, the disgrace!"

And sinking upon her knees, she sobbed out in prayer: "Oh God! spare me this and take me home! O God, spare me this disgrace; spare me!"

The wind rose higher and swept through the crevices, icy cold. How it moaned and seemed to sob like something human that is hurt. I began to shake, but the kneeling figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Simmons turned over and drew his heavy blanket more closely about him.

Oh, how cold! Only one lamp remained, burning dimly; the other two had gone out for want of oil. I could hardly see, it was so dark.

At last she became quieter and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and kind of lost the run of things after I had struck twelve, when some one entered the depot with a bright light. I started up. It was the brightest light I ever saw, and seemed to fill the room full of glory. I could see 'twas a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her upon the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildly around. I heard him say:

"'Tis train time, ma'am. Come!"

A look of joy came over her face.

"I am ready," she whispered.

"Then give me your pass, ma'am."

She reached him a worn old book, which he took, and from it read aloud:

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

"That's the pass over our road, ma'am. Are you ready?"

The light died away, and darkness fell in its place. My hand touched the stroke of one. Simmons awoke with a start and snatched his lantern. The whistles sounded down brakes; the train was due. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman.

"Wake up, marm; 'tis train time."

But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white set face, and, dropping his lantern, fled.

The up-train halted, the conductor shouted "All aboard," but no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket agent came, he found her frozen to death. They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out the verdict "apoplexy," and it was in some way hushed up.

They laid her out in the depot, and advertised for her friends, but no one came. So, after the second day, they buried her.

The last look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile so unearthly, I keep with me yet; and when I think of the occurrence of that night, I know she went out on the other train that never stopped at the poor-house.

HANS' MIDNIGHT EXCUSES.

"Hans, what keepit you owda so lade to-night?" ANON.

"Well, Katrina, I was at dot teeyader. I met Yon Biber, und we had some beer mit each one anoder, both togedder, unt Yon says, 'Hans, I want you to come in my teeyader und see Lew Raddler und dem fellers sing a liddle song.' Very well, I goes in mid him, und it don't cost me something at all—he yoost told dot toor-keeber 'Das all righd,' und I bass in. I vas a hed-ded likē doze noozpaper fellers."

"Well, Hans, how was you like it?"

"Like it? It was schkeplendit, Katrina. Dere was de pootiest song you nefer heard in all my life. It begins down at de boddom like dis way :

"'You nefer miss dot vasser till dot well don't got some more in it.'

"It's a fine sendiment in dot song, Katrina. I got it all in my head, but I was so pleased und oxcited about it I haf forgot it again once. It was like dis way (sings) :

" 'Don'd you waste dat vasser
Das de moddo I teach you;

Let you watchwords be dispatches,
 And practice like dem preachers.
 Do not let a few moments
 Like dot sunshine pass by,
 For you nefer miss dot vasser
 Until you get pooty dry sometimes when dot
 well is all run oud !

“ Now, Katrina, don't you like dot sendiment ? ”

“ Yes, I like dot sendiment, and I like it bedder if you
 don't shtop oud till twelf o'clock at night like dis any
 more, und come home tryin' to play me off dot foolish-
 ness.”

A PARODY ON THE WATER-MILL.

ANON.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

Oh, listen to the water mill ; through all the live long day—
 “ Your salary will stop about the time you lose your pay ;
 The fellow at the ladder's top, to him all glory goes,
 And the fellow at the bottom is the fellow no one knows.
 No good are all the ‘ had beens,’ for in country and in town,
 Nobody cares how high you've been, when once you have come
 down.

When once you have been President, and are President no more,
 You may run a farm, or teach a school, or keep a country store.
 No one will ask about you ; you never will be missed—
 The mill will only grind for you while you supply the grist.”

CHAPULTEPEC.

ANON.

From the Courier-Journal.

I too, I will go back,
 I will turn back the wheels of Time,
 And enter once again the Garden of Delight
 That was called Youth.
 That was called Youth—am I grown old?—it is not true—

I have heard lies before.
Alas, alas ! That was called Youth.

On yesterday—I swear it was but yesterday—
I kissed her on the mouth.
They say she has been buried three-and-thirty years,
And they are all liars—I still am young.
I am still young—how else ?

Ten days ago—ten days, no more—
I forded with bare feet the shallow brook,
And watched the little school of shining minnows stem the
stream.

My brother was there with me, and we laughed ;
Yes, and we fought, because I would go first. And then
We held each other's hand, and, naked, ran
And splashed the water high and laughed again.
I wonder why he comes no more ! It is so long—so long !
Every day I look for him.

And this—it, too—is all a lie—this, too—my hair,
It is not gray, but dark as night,
As dark as Egypt's night when her first-born died.
For here, see here ! this is a lock of it—
She kept it twenty years.

And her's—it was his doing, Satan's—
I lost it—yes, poor clown, I lost it.
The day we stormed Chapultepec,
I was forty years old that day.
That was that day, but that night—
That night a letter came ; it was edged with black.
I read it there by the camp-fire light,
Among the cypresses.

(You know the cypresses around Chapultepec.)
I read it—I do not know what it said—it was edged with
black.

I never saw her any more.
The cypresses around Chapultepec !
And the long moss waving in the night wind !
Come, I will whisper it to you ; it is not moss, that, it is
crape

Hanging from the cypresses.
 I heard a wolf howl away off.
 They said it was a wolf, but I knew, I knew
 It was Satan laughing.

All through the long night Satan laughed at me
 While I sought him,
 Ever keeping just beyond my maddened reach.
 I saw his gray form creep along the dark ravines
 And glide through air.

While I, bruised by falls, and torn,
 Stumbled o'er the nopals and the cactuses.
 They say they traced me on the morrow to where I lay,
 At the foot of a high rock,
 By shreds of cloth that hung blood stained
 Upon the bristling points of cardo leaves,
 And on the hooked and barbed thorns of that wild desert.

Pshaw! this is a dream, a lying dream—
 And I am young, and she is here.
 I will wake up—
 To-morrow I will wake.

THE PENSIVE MULE.

ANON.

The mule seemed pensive, even sad,
 As if by conscience pricked;
 But when they came to share his woes,
 He raised objections—kicked.

The cat came up to sympathise,
 With mew and gentle purr;
 Alas! she got within his reach,
 When—fiddlestrings and fur.

The dog, in pity, neared him to
 Alleviate his care;
 He tried to pass around him once,
 But—sausage meat and hair.

GO SLOW.

And John, the honest farmer boy
 Who had the beast in charge,
 Tried recklessly to harness him—
 His funeral was large.

Oh, trifling were the causes which
 His flexile legs unfurled ;
 And many were the quadrupeds
 That sought another world.

He never did a decent thing ;
 He wasn't worth a ducat ;
 He kicked and kicked until he died,
 And then he kicked the bucket.

 GO SLOW.

From Baldwin's Monthly.

MADGE ELLIOT.

When you a pair of bright eyes meet,
 That make your heart in rapture beat ;
 When one voice seems to you more sweet
 Than any other voice you know,

Go slow, my friend, go slow ;
 For brightest eyes have oft betrayed,
 And sweetest voice of youth and maid
 The very falsest things have said,
 And thereby wrought a deal of woe ;
 Go slow, my friend, go slow.

When you're convinced you are a poet,
 And wishing all the world to know it,
 Call on some editor to show it,
 Your verses full of glow and "blow,"

Go slow, my friend, go slow ;
 For many a one has done the same,
 And thought to grasp the hand of Fame,
 And yet has never seen his name
 In print. And why—waste-baskets know :
 Go slow, my friend, go slow.

When you to greed for money yield,
 And long the mighty pow'r to wield
 That's always found in golden field,
 With senseless pomp and pride and show,
 Go slow, my friend, go slow ;
 For thousands, tempted by the glare
 Of wealth, have fallen in the snare
 Set for the thief And now despair,
 Regret, and shame have brought them low :
 Go slow, my friend, go slow.

The good old earth is never wrong ;
 Each of her works takes just so long ;
 Months may pass before a happy throng
 Of daisies in the meadows grow :

 Go slow, my friend, go slow.

And Spring gives life to Summer's flow'rs,
 And Summer's sun and Summer's show'rs
 Prepare the fruit for Autumn bow'rs,
 And Autumn frost brings Winter snow :

 Go slow, my friend, go slow.

WHAT THE SEASONS BRING.

From the Detroit Free Press.

ANON.

When comes the southern summer breeze,
 That softly blows from tropic seas,
 Who lives in impecunious ease ?

 The bummer.

When borean blasts blow fierce and free,
 And winter reigns on land and sea,
 Who chuckles then with fiendish glee ?

 The plumber.

Or warm or cold the breezes blow,
 From tropic seas or arctic snow,
 Who comes his "sample lot" to show ?

 The drummer.

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

AFTER.

When they reached the depot, Mr. Mann and his wife gazed in unspeakable disappointment at the receding train, which was just pulling away from the bridge switch at the rate of a mile a minute. Their first impulse was to run after it, but as the train was out of sight and whistling for Sagetown before they could act upon the impulse, they remained in the carriage and disconsolately turned their horses' heads homeward.

Mr. Mann broke the silence, very grimly: "It all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready."

"I was ready before you were," replied his wife.

"Great heavens," cried Mr. Mann, with great impatience, nearly jerking the horses' jaws out of place, "just listen to that! And I sat in the buggy ten minutes yelling at you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Mann, with the provoking placidity which no one can assume but a woman, "and every time I started down stairs you sent me back for something you had forgotten."

Mr. Mann groaned. "This is too much to bear," he said, "when everybody knows that if I were going to Europe I would just rush into the house, put on a clean shirt, grab up my grip sack, and fly, while you would want at least six months for preliminary preparations, and then dawdle around the whole day of starting until every train had left town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the Manns put off their visit to Aurora until the next week, and it was agreed that each one should get himself or herself ready and go down to the train and go, and the one who failed to get ready should be left. The day of the match came around in due time. The train was going at 10:30, and

Mr. Mann, after attending to his business, went home at 9:45.

"Now, then," he shouted, "only three-quarters of an hour's time. Fly around; a fair field and no favors, you know."

And away they flew. Mr. Mann bulged into this room and flew through that one, and dived into one closet after another with inconceivable rapidity, chuckling under his breath all the time to think how cheap Mrs. Mann would feel when he started off alone. He stopped on his way up stairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time. For the same reason he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dining-room and hung it on the corner of the silver closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he rushed through the hall and tossed it on the hat-rack hook, and by the time he had reached his own room, he was ready to plunge into his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau drawer, and began to paw at the things like a Scotch terrier after a rat.

"Eleanor," he shrieked, "where are my shirts?"

"In your bureau drawer," calmly replied Mrs. Mann, who was standing before a glass calmly and deliberately coaxing a refractory crimp into place.

"Well, but they ain't," shouted Mr. Mann, a little annoyed. "I've emptied everything out of the drawer, and there isn't a thing in it I ever saw before."

Mrs. Mann stepped back a few paces, held her head on one side, and after satisfying herself that the crimp would do, replied: "These things scattered around on the floor are all mine. Probably you haven't been looking into your own drawer."

"I don't see," testily observed Mr. Mann, "why you couldn't have put my things out for me when you had nothing else to do all the morning."

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, setting herself into an additional article of raiment with awful deliberation, "no-

body put mine out for me. A fair field and no favors, my dear."

Mr. Mann plunged into his shirt like a bull at a red flag.

"Foul!" he shouted in malicious triumph, "No buttons on the neck!"

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, sweetly, after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting, impatient man, during which she buttoned her dress and put eleven pins where they would do the most good, "because you have got the shirt on wrong side out."

When Mr. Mann slid out of the shirt he began to sweat. He dropped the shirt three times before he got it on, and while it was over his head he heard the clock strike ten. When his head came through he saw Mrs. Mann coaxing the ends and bows of her necktie.

"Where are my shirt studs?" he cried.

Mrs. Mann went out into another room and presently came back with gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Mann emptying all the boxes he could find in and around the bureau. Then she said, "In the shirt you just pulled off."

Mrs. Mann put on her gloves while Mr. Mann hunted up and down the room for his cuff-buttons.

"Eleanor," he snarled, at last, "I believe you must know where those cuff-buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady, settling her hat; "didn't you lay them down on the window sill in the sitting-room last night?"

Mr. Mann remembered, and he went down stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and dispatch, attended in the transmission with more bumps than he could count with Webb's Adder, and landed with a bang like the Hell Gate explosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Algernon?" sweetly asked the wife of his bosom, leaning over the banisters.

The unhappy man groaned. "Can't you throw me down the other boot?" he asked.

Mrs. Mann, pityingly, kicked it down to him.

"My valise?" he inquired, as he tugged at the boot.

"Up in the dressing-room," she answered.

"Packed?"

"I do not know; unless you packed it yourself, probably not," she replied, with her hand on the door knob. "I had hardly time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate when the door opened, and he shouted, "Where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? It has all my money in it."

"You threw it on the hat-rack," she called, "Good-bye, dear."

Before she got to the corner of the street she was hailed again.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Mann! Did you wear off my coat?"

She paused and turned, after signaling the street car to stop, and cried, "you threw it in the silver closet."

The street car engulfed her graceful form and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Mann charging up and down the house, rushing out of the front door every now and then shrieking after the unconscious Mrs. Mann, to know where his hat was, and where she put the valise key, and if she had his clean socks and undershirts, and that there wasn't a linen collar in the house. And when he went away at last, he left the kitchen door, the side door and the front door, all the down stairs windows and the front gate, wide open.

The loungers around the depot were somewhat amused, just as the train was pulling out of sight down in the yards, to see a flushed, enterprising man, with his hat on sideways, his vest unbuttoned and necktie flying, and his grip sack flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, and a door key in his hand, dash wildly

across the platform and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wrathful mortification at the departing train, and shaking his fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.

THE HAUNTED SMITHY.

W. A. HATON.

There are two smithies in our little town ;
In one, the anvil and the hammer's ring
Is heard above the bellows' steady roar,
But in the other all is still as death.
They say the place is haunted, and it stands
Lonely and grim ; and when the shadows fall
And the night comes slowly creeping o'er the vale,
The village lads, at market staying late,
Will take a devious path across the fields
Sooner than pass the haunted smithy by.
This is the story. Many years ago
There lived a blacksmith there who had two sons,
And both grew up and learnt their father's trade ;
But ere they had arrived at manhood's years
The father died and left them in the world
To win their way and earn their mother's bread.
They were two manly youths ; the elder dark,
With glorious hazel eyes that flash'd like fire,
And haughty mien, and proud, defiant air ;
A very Hercules for manly strength.
The younger was a slender, graceful youth,
With bright blue eyes and curling flaxen hair,
And face that seem'd to win your heart at once.
Not many years the widow lived alone,
But one sad day the grave was open'd wide
And she was laid beside her husband there.
Not very far from where the smithy stood
Lived little Nelly Ray, the village queen ;
A bright-hair'd, beauteous lass, with winning ways,

And every modest grace that nature gives
To those who dwell apart from smoky towns
In simple innocence and rustic peace.
The brothers both had learn'd to love the maid.
They often heard her in the ancient church
Adding her sweet voice to the village choir;
And when she bow'd her head they saw her hair,
Like to a gauzy veil of filmy gold,
Shroud up the beauties of her fair young face.
They half believed an angel form had stepp'd
From out the antique color'd window there
To bow and worship in the dim old church.
She loved young Ralph, and John, the elder, saw
Her preference for him with jealous eyes.
One night the brothers both were working late;
The thunder boom'd and lightning rent the sky.
The elder brother raised the hammer high,
The younger drew the molten metal forth
From out the blazing forge and held it fast
Upon the anvil, ready for the stroke;
And as he turn'd the elder brother saw
Around his neck a piece of ribbon tied,
And surly ask'd him where he got it from.
The fair-hair'd youth blush'd scarlet as he said—
" 'Twas little Nelly Ray's; she gave it me."
" Then fling it off," the elder one replied.
" Your spirit, like your face, is but a girl's."
" She tied it on, and I have promised her
To wear it thus till she unties the knot,
Which will be on the day that we are wed."
" You? Why she'll never stoop to look at you.
Give me the ribbon!" and he made a clutch,
But Ralph was quick and deftly caught his hand,
And laugh'd; he thought his brother was in fun,
But soon he saw his eyes were flashing fire.
A blow was struck, and then another one,
And soon they both are grappling for the fall.
A neighbor passing homeward through the storm
Bethought him of the smithy's roaring fire,

Where he might rest awhile and dry his clothes.
 He open'd wide the door; the forge was cold,
 And by the lightnings phosphorescent glare
 He saw the brothers lying on the ground,
 Each with a grip upon the other's throat,
 And both were dead. He roused the village then,
 And in the crowd came little Nelly Ray;
 And when she saw her lover lying there
 No tear she shed, she gave one piercing cry,
 Then stood as cold and still as sculptured stone.
 They call'd her name, she answer'd not a word,
 Then, sinking on the ground, she murmur'd low.
 "He'll never, never, never wake again!"

 THE TRUE STORY OF SANTA CLAUS.

AND

Among the golden tales of youth,
 There's none so vague and yet so dear,
 As that of good old Santa Claus
 Who brings the children Christmas cheer;
 He skims the clear and frosty air,
 He fills the stockings long and white,
 He blinks within the hearthstone's glow,
 Laughs, and is off into the night.

I am no child, yet still I love
 Above all saints old Santa Claus,
 For he has simmered down to one
 The countless ages' many laws;
 "Do good," is all his testament,
 "Be good," is all that he commands,
 He fills the stockings with the seeds
 And leaves the fruit to human hands.

Oh dear, oh kind old Santa Claus,
 We know his moods and methods well,
 But where was born or where doth live,
 No man of many minds can tell;

But once a year we hear his sleigh,
But once a year his chirrup clear,
The good old boy, I've found him out,
He's born near Christmas once a year.

I peeped one day, not o'er a roof,
Nor in a chimney's yawning mouth
Where blasts of Arctic currents melt
Before a warm wind from the south.
I peeped with eye alert and keen
Into a far-off secret room
Where gathered silent, quaint-dressed men
Within a strange and twilight gloom.

There was a table, long and broad,
Bearing a pot of shape antique,
Over whose brown and rugged side
Drooped long, dark shreds of old Perique.
Before each quaint man lay a pipe
A yard perhaps in length or more,
A rooster crowed and each man tapped
His long-stemmed pipe upon the floor.

The long shreds faded into smoke,
A blue cloud to the ceiling soared,
A subtle essence tickled all
The full-ripe noses 'round the board.
It seemed as if a pair of eyes,
Lack-lustre, dim and without gaze,
Peered from their overhanging brows
Out of the shifting, dreamy haze.

And then before each quaint-dressed man,
As if by magic there appeared,
A glass of Hollands sweet and white
That dewed each long and streaming beard.
Two rows of eyes turned to the sky,
Two rows of gurgles stirred the smoke,
And with the spirit thus endowed
St. Nicholas through the ceiling broke.

And thus St. Nicholas was born
 Of fragrant Hollands and the weed ;
 He sped away, and from each man
 There came a softly-sighed " God speed !"
 Then they too left the dim, low room,
 And each one slowly went his way ;
 But if they knew what they had done
 There's no man living that can say.

For when at Christmas time the child
 Clasps arms about his father's knee,
 Old Santa Claus's disciple says,
 " Be sure, my dear, it was not me."
 And this disciple is not dressed
 In old quaint clothes with nose red ripe,
 Nor does he bear in either hand
 A glass of Hollands and a pipe.

THE DUEL.

THOMAS HOOD.

In Brentford town, of old renown, there lived a Mister Bray, who fell in love with Lucy Bell,—and so did Mr. Clay. Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay, " You choose to rival me, and court Miss Bell ; but there your court no thoroughfare shall be. Unless you now give up your suit, you may repent your love ; I who have shot a pigeon match, can shoot a turtle dove." Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray, " Your threats I quite explode ; one who has been a volunteer, knows how to prime and load. And so I say to you, unless your passion quiet keeps, I, who have shot and hit bull's eyes, may chance to hit a sheep's." Now gold is oft for silver changed, and that for copper red ; but these two went away to give each other change for lead. But first they sought a friend apiece, this pleasant thought to give,—When they were dead, they thus should have two seconds still to live. To measure out the ground not

long the seconds then forbore; and, having taken one rash step, they took a dozen more. They next prepared each pistol-pan against the deadly strife, by putting in the prime of death to blast the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes; but when they took their stands, fear made them tremble so, they found they both were shaking hands. Said Mr. C. to Mr. B., "Here one of us may fall; and, like St. Paul's Cathedral, now be doomed to have a ball. I do confess I did attach misconduct to your name; if I withdraw the charge, will then your ramrod do the same?"

Said Mr. B., "I do agree;—but think of Honor's Courts! If we go off without a shot, there will be strange reports. But look, the morning now is bright, though cloudy it begun; why can't we aim above, as if we had called out the sun?"

So up into the harmless air their bullets they did send; and may all other duels have that upshot in the end!

AFTER DINNER SPEECH BY MARK TWAIN.

Mark Twain's speech was in his own inimitable style—a story in a speech. He said: "I am perfectly astounded at the way in which history repeats itself. I find myself situated at this moment exactly and precisely as I was once before, years ago, to a jot, to a tittle—to a very hair. There isn't a shade of difference. It is the most astonishing coincidence that ever—but wait. I will tell you the former instance, and then you will see it yourself. Years ago I arrived one day at Salamanca, N. Y., eastward bound. Must change cars there and take the sleeper train. There were crowds of people there, and they were swarming into the long sleeper train and packing it full, and it was a perfect purgatory of rush and confusion and gritting of teeth and soft, sweet, and low profanity. I asked the

young man in the ticket office if I could have a sleeping section, and he answered 'No,' with a snarl that shriveled me up like burned leather. I went off smarting under this insult to my dignity, and asked another local official supplicatingly, if I couldn't have some poor little corner somewhere in a sleeping car, and he cut me short with a venomous 'No, you can't; every corner's full. Now don't bother me any more;' and he turned his back and walked off. My dignity was in a state now which cannot be described. I was so ruffled that—well. I said to my companion, 'If these people knew who I am, they—' but my companion cut me short there and said, 'Don't talk such folly. If they did know who you are, do you suppose it would help your high mightiness to a vacancy in a train which has no vacancies in it?' This did not improve my condition any to speak of, but just then I observed that the colored porter of a sleeping car had his eye on me. I saw his dark countenance lighten up. He whispered to the uniformed conductor, punctuating with nods and jerks towards me, and straightway this conductor came forward, oozing politeness from every pore, and said: 'Can I be of any service? Will you have a place in the sleeper?' 'Yes,' I said, 'and much obliged. too. Give me anything, anything will answer.' He said: 'We have nothing left but the big family state room, with two berths and a couple of arm chairs in it, but it is entirely at your disposal. Here, Tom, take these satchels aboard.'

"He touched his hat and we and the colored Tom moved along. I was bursting to drop just one little remark to my companion, but I held in and waited. Tom made us comfortable in that sumptuous great apartment and then said with many bows and a perfect affluence of smiles, 'Now is dey anything you want, Sah? case you kin have jes anything you wants. It don't make no difference what it is.' I said: 'Can I have some hot water and a tumbler at 9 to-night, blazing hot? You know about the

right temperature for a hot Scotch punch? ‘Yes, Sah, dat you kin; you kin pen on it, I’ll get it myself.’ ‘Good! now that lamp is hung too high. Can I have a big coach candle fixed up just at the head of my bed, so that I can read comfortably?’ ‘Yes, Sah, you kin. I’ll fix her up myself, and I’ll fix her so she’ll burn all night. Yes, Sah, an’ you can jes call for anything you wants, and dish yer whole railroad be turned wrong eend up an’ inside out for to git it for you. Dat’s so.’ And he disappeared. Well, I tilted my head back, hooded my thumbs in my arm-holes, smiled a smile on my companion, and said gently, ‘Well, what do you say now?’ My companion was not in a humor to respond, and didn’t. The next moment that smiling black face was thrust in at the crack of the door and this speech followed: ‘Laws bless you, Sah, I knowed you in a minute. I told de conductah so. Laws! I knowed you de minute I sot eyes on you.’ ‘Is that so, my boy? *Handing him a quadruple fee.* Who am I?’ ‘Jennul McClellan,’ and he disappeared again. My companion said vinegarishly, ‘Well, well! what do you say, now?’ Right there comes in the marvelous coincidence I mentioned a while ago, viz., I was—speechless, and that is my condition now. Perceive it?”

“A MILLION ALL IN GOLD.”

J. W. WATSON.

The gallant ship went down at sea—
 Went down in the shrieking wind—
 Went down with a hundred souls on board,
 And left no trace behind.
 She was dashing—dashing grandly on
 Where the storm-swept waters rolled;
 The freight was a hundred beating hearts,
 And a million—all in gold!

"A MILLION ALL IN GOLD."

The night was dark as a soul condemned,
And the scream of the gale, despair ;
The shivering crowds that clung to the shrouds
Were raising their voices in prayer.
She rolled in the dreadful trough of the sea,
And their grip was a desperate hold,
As the ship went down with a trembling moan,
And a million—all in gold !

The darkness closed on their one wild dirge,
And the lightning gave one glare
On the spot where a group of ghost-like eyes
Were fixed in a deadly stare !
But the morrow's sun shall kiss the place
Where lie in the waters cold,
A hundred corpses, stark and stiff,
And a million—all in gold !

A thousand weary miles away
Is a man with silvery hair,
Who bends o'er the desk in his counting-room,
With a pale and frightened air.
He grasps the sheet that brought the news
In a strong, convulsive hold,
And groans, " O God, the ship is lost,
With a million—all in gold !"

Where flash the jewels in the light,
And the music's-master tone,
With its rich, voluptuous, softening phrase,
Makes heart and soul its own,
A woman sits, superbly fair ;
She hears the story told,
And heaves a sigh for the glorious ship,
And the million—all in gold !

A mother gropes at her daily toil,
Till her fingers cramp with pain ;
But she knows that her days of care will cease
When her boy shall come again.
But now her task will never be done,
Till she lies in the churchyard mould ;

Her heart went down with the gallant ship,
And the million—all in gold!

The mariner's wife has kissed her babe
And hushed it with a song—
A song of hope and the coming time
She has taught her heart so long.
She never will sing that song again,
For the sailor, stout and bold,
Went down in the sea, with the foundered ship,
And the million—all in gold!

And twice ten thousand careless eyes
Shall read of the missing sail,
And twice ten thousand careless ears
Shall listen to the tale.
And all the careless, listening crowd,
The young, the gay, the old,
Shall speak of the fate of the gallant ship,
And the million—all in gold!

There are other eyes and other ears
Than that careless, listening crowd—
Eyes that are weeping endless tears,
And hearts that cry aloud!
Hearts that shall cry for evermore,
While the bells of life are tolled,
For the glorious ship that went to sea
With a million—all in gold!

NOTHING.

“Blessed be nothing?” an old woman said,
As she scrubbed away for her daily bread.
“I’m better off than my neighbor the squire;
He’s afraid of robbers, afraid of fire,
Afraid of flood to wreck his mill,
Afraid of something to cross his will.
I’ve nothing to burn, and nothing to steal

But a bit of pork and a barrel of meal,
 A house that only keeps off the rain
 Is easy burnt up and built again.
 Blessed be nothing! My heart is light;
 I sing at my washing, and sleep all night."

"Blessed be nothing!" the young man cried,
 As he turned with a smile to his smiling bride.
 "Banks are breaking and stocks are down;
 There's dread and bitterness all over town;
 There are brokers groaning and bankers sad,
 And men whose losses have made them mad;
 There's silk and satin, but want of bread,
 And many a woman would fain be dead:
 Whose little children sob and cling
 For the daily joy she cannot bring.
 Blessed be nothing, for you and me!
 We have no riches on wings to flee."

Blessed be nothing! if man might choose,
 For he who hath it hath naught to lose;
 Nothing to fear from flood or fire,
 All things to hope for and desire;
 The dream that is better than waking days,
 The future that feeds the longing gaze:
 Better, far better, than aught we hold,
 As far as mining exceedeth gold,
 Or hope fruition in earth below,
 Or peace that is in us outward show.

Almost, when worn by weary years,
 Tired with a pathway of thorns and tears,
 When kindred fail us, and love has fled,
 And we know the living less than the dead,
 We think that the best of mortal good
 Is a painless, friendless solitude.
 For the pangs are more than the peace they give
 Who make our lives so sad to live;
 Blessed be nothing! it knows no loss,
 Nor the sharpest nail of the Master's cross;

No friend to deny us, of none bereft,
And though we have no one, yet God is left.

Yet, having nothing, the whole is ours.
No thorns can pierce us who have no flowers.
And sure is the promise of His word,
Thy poor are blessed in spirit, Lord!
Whatever we lose of wealth or care,
Still there is left us the breath of prayer—
That heavenly breath of a world so high,
Sorrow and sinning come not nigh;
The sure and certain mercy of Him
Who sitteth between the Cherubim,
Yet cares for the lonely sparrow's fall,
And is ready and eager to help us all.
Rich is His bounty to all beneath;
To the poorest and saddest He giveth death.

LEAVING OUT THE JOKE.

ANON.

Some people are bright enough to enjoy a good joke, but do not have retentive memories, so as to be able to repeat it to others. Failures of this kind are sometimes very ludicrous. We give some good specimens.

The most famous of this class was the college professor, who, on parting with a student that had called on him, noticed that he had a new coat, and remarked that it was too short.

The student, with an air of resignation, replied: "It will be long enough before I get another."

The professor enjoyed the joke heartily, and going to a meeting of the college faculty just afterwards, he entered the room in great glee and said:

"Young Sharp got off such a joke just now. He called on me a little while ago, and as he was leaving, I noticed his new coat, and told him it was too short, and he said: "It will be a long time before I get another."

No one laughed, and the professor sobering down, remarked: "It doesn't seem so funny as when he said it."

A red haired lady who was ambitious of literary distinction found but poor sale for her book. A gentleman, in speaking of her disappointment, said: "Her hair is red (read) if her book is not." An auditor, in attempting to relate the joke elsewhere, said: "She has red hair if her book hasn't."

The most unfortunate attempt at reproducing another's wit was made by an Englishman who didn't understand the pun, but judged from the applause with which it was greeted that it must be excellent. During a dinner at which he was a guest a waiter let a boiled tongue slip off the plate on which he was bearing it, and it fell on the table.

The host at once apologized for the mishap as a "lapsus linguæ" (slip of the tongue). The joke was the best thing at the dinner, and our friend concluded to bring it up at his own table.

He accordingly invited his company and instructed his servant to let fall a roast of beef as he was bringing it to the table.

When the "accident" occurred, he exclaimed: "That's a 'lapsus linguæ.'"

Nobody laughed, and he said again, "I say that's a lapsus linguæ," and still no one laughed.

A screw was loose somewhere; so he told about the tongue falling, and they did laugh.

"Why is this," said a waiter, holding up a common kitchen utensil, "more remarkable than Napoleon Bonaparte?" Because Napoleon was a great man, but this is a grater." When the funny man reproduced it in his circle, he asked the question right, but answered it, "Because Napoleon was a great man, but this is a nutmeg-grater."

TIM TWINKLETON'S TWINS.

CHARLES A. BELL.

Tim Twinkleton, was, I would have you to know,
A cherry-faced tailor, of Pineapple Row ;
His sympathies warm as the irons he used,
And his temper quite even, because not abused.
As a fitting reward for his kindness of heart,
He was blessed with a partner both comely and smart,
And ten "olive branches,"—four girls and six boys—
Completed the household, divided its joys.

But another "surprise" was in store for Tim T.,
Who, one bright Christmas morning was sipping coffee,
When a neighbor (who acted as nurse), said with glee,
"You've just been presented with *twins*! Do you see?"
"Good gracious!" said Tim, overwhelmed with surprise,
For he scarce could be made to believe his own eyes ;
His astonishment o'er, he acknowledged of course
That the trouble, indeed, might have been a deal worse.

The twins were two boys, and poor Tim was inclined
To believe them the handsomest pair you could find,
But fathers' and mothers' opinions, they say
Always favor their own children just the same way.
"Would you like to step up, sir, to see Mrs. T.?"
The good lady said ; "she's as pleased as can be."
Of course the proud father dropp'd both fork and knife,
And bounded up stairs to embrace his good wife.

Now, Mrs. Tim Twinkleton—I should have said—
An industrious, frugal life always had led,
And kept the large family from poverty's woes,
By washing, and starching, and ironing clothes.
But, before the young twins had arrived in the town,
She'd intended to send to a family named Brown,
Who resided some distance outside of the city,
A basket of clothes ; so she thought it a pity
That the basket should meet any further delay,
And told Tim to the depot to take it that day.

He promised he would, and began to make haste,
 For he found that there was not a great while to waste.
 So, kissing his wife, he bade her good-bye,
 And out of the room in an instant did hie ;
 He met the good nurse on the stairs, coming up
 With the "orthodox gruel," for his wife, in a cup.

"Where's the twins?" said the tailor. "Oh, they are all right,"
 The good nurse replied; "they are looking so bright!
 I've hushed them to sleep,—they look so like their Pop,—
 And I've left them down stairs, where they sleep like a top."
 In a hurry Tim shouldered the basket, and got
 To the rail-station, after a long and sharp trot,
 And he'd just enough time to say "Brown—Norristown—
 A basket of clothes—" and then the train was gone.

The light-hearted tailor made haste to return,
 For his heart with affection for his family did burn;
 And it's always the case, with a saint or a sinner,
 Whate'er may occur, he's on hand for his dinner.

"How are the twins?" was his first inquiry;
 "I've hurried home quickly my darlings to see,"
 In ecstasy quite of his reason bereft.
 "Oh, the dear little angels hain't cried since you left!

"Have you, my sweets?"—and the nurse turned to where
 Just a short time before, were her objects of care.
 "Why—which of you children," said she with surprise,
 "Removed that ar basket?—now don't tell no lies!"
 "Basket! what basket?" cried Tim with affright;
 "Why, the basket of clothes—I thought it all right
 To put near the fire, and, fearing no harm,
 Placed the twins in so cozy, to keep them quite warm."

Poor Tim roared aloud, "Why, what have I done?
 You surely must mean what you say but in fun!
 That basket! my twins I shall ne'er see again!
Why I sent them off by the 12 o'clock train!"
 The nurse, at these words, sank right into a chair,
 And exclaimed, "O my preciouses dear, you hain't there!"

Go Twinkleton, go, telegraph like wildfire!"

"Why," said Tim, "*they can't send the twins home on the wire!*"

"Oh dear!" cried poor Tim, getting ready to go;

"Could ever a body have met with such woe?

Sure this is the greatest of greatest mistakes;

Why, the twins will be all squashed down into pancakes!"

Tim Twinkleton hurried as if all creation

Were after him, quick, on his way to the station.

"That's the man,—O you wretch!" and, tight as a rasp,

Poor Tim found himself in a constable's grasp.

"Ah! ha! I have got yer, now don't say a word,

Yer know very well about what has occurred;

Come 'long to the station-house, hurry up now,

Or 'tween you and me there'll be a big row."

"What's the charge?" asked the tailor of the magistrate,

"I'd like to find out, for it's getting quite late."

"So you shall," he replied; "but don't look so meek,—

You deserted your infants,—now hadn't you cheek?"

Now it happened that, during the trial of the case,

An acquaintance of Tim's had stepped into the place,

And he quickly perceived, when he heard in detail

The facts of the case, and said he'd go bail

To any amount, for good Tim Twinkleton,

For he knew he was innocent, "sure as a gun."

And the railway-clerk's evidence, given in detail,

Was not quite sufficient to send him to jail.

It was to effect, that the squalling began

Just after the basket in the baggage-van

Had been placed by Tim T., who solemnly swore

That he was quite ignorant of their presence before.

So the basket was brought to the magistrate's sight,

And the twins on the top of the clothes looked so bright,

That the magistrate's heart of a sudden enlarged,

And he ordered that Tim Twinkleton be discharged.

Tim grasped up the basket and ran for dear life,

And when he reached home he first asked for his wife;

But the nurse said with joy, "Since you left she has slept,
 And from her the mistakes of to-day I have kept."
 Poor Tim, and the nurse, and all the small fry,
 Before taking dinner, indulged in a cry.
 The twins are now grown, and they time and again
 Relate their excursion on the railway train.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

AFOX.

We may go through the world, but it will be slow,
 If we listen to all that is said as we go.
 We'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew;
 Too meddlesome tongues must have something to do.
 For people will talk, you know, people will talk;
 Oh, yes, they must talk, you know.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
 Your humble position is only assumed—
 You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool;
 But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool.
 For people will talk, etc.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen—
 You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean;
 If upright and honest and fair as the day,
 They'll call you a rogue in a sly, sneaking way.
 For people will talk, etc.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
 Or slight inclination to take your own part,
 They'll call you an upstart, conceited and vain;
 But keep straight ahead, and don't stop to complain.
 For people will talk, etc.

If threadbare your coat, and old-fashioned your hat,
 Some one of course will take notice of that,
 And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way,
 But don't get excited, whatever you say.
 For people will talk, etc.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
 For they will criticise then in a different shape ;
 You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid ;
 But mind your own business, there's nought to be made.

For people will talk, etc.

They'll talk fine before you ; but then at your back,
 Of venom and slander there's never a lack ;
 How kind and polite in all that they say,
 But bitter as gall when you are away.

For people will talk, etc.

The best way to do is to do as you please,
 For your mind (if you have one) will then be at ease ;
 Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
 But don't think to stop them, it's not any use,

For people will talk, you know, people will talk,
 O, yes, they must talk, you know.

CAPTAIN RICE HE GIN A TREAT ;

OR, COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.

H. C. JONES.

SCENE.—*A Court of Justice in North Carolina.*

A beardless disciple of Themis rises, and thus addresses the Court: " May it please your honors, and you, gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad, I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked and malicious an assault—a more wilful, violent and dangerous a battery—and finally a more diabolical breach of the peace has seldom happened in a civilized country ; and I dare say, it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being duly sworn, two or three were ex-

amined and deposed; one said that he heard the noise and did not see the fight; another that he seen the row, but didn't know who struck first; and a third that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the scrimmage.

LAWYER CHOPS. I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the Court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed upon your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, shuffy old man, a "leetle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

CHOPS. Harris we wish you to tell about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's; and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

HARRIS. Adzactly (*giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat*). Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately; but, howsomever, as it was her, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose he moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was her, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go——

CHOPS. In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

WITNESS. Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard——

CHOPS. Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about your cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife—tell us about the fight at Rice's.

WITNESS. Well, I will, sir, if you will let me.

CHOPS. Well, sir, go on.

WITNESS. Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go——

CHOPS. There it is again. Witness, please to stop.

WITNESS. Well, sir, what do you want?

CHOPS. We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the Court?

WITNESS. To be sure I do.

CHOPS. Well, go on and tell it, and nothing else.

WITNESS. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat——

CHOPS. This is intolerable. May it please the Court; I move that this witness be committed for a contempt, he seems to be trifling with this Court.

COURT. Witness you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin, and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

WITNESS [*alarmed.*] Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard——

CHOPS. I hope the witness may be ordered into custody.

COURT. Mr. Attorney, the Court is of the opinion that we may save time by letting the witness go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, but stick to the point.

WITNESS. Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go. I told

cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife she was poorly; being as how she had the rheumatics in the hips, and the big swamp was up, but howsomever, as it was her, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose he moun't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard as how Mose—he was the foreman of the crap and the crap was smartly in the grass—but, howsomever, as it was her, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dilliard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was tellin' you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dilliard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log; but my wife, like a blamed fool, waded through.

CHOPS. Heaven and earth, but this is too bad; *but go on.*

WITNESS. *Well, that's all I know about the fight.*

WHAT DOES IT MATTER.

ANON.

It matters little where I was born,
 Or if my parents were rich or poor,
 Whether they shrank from the cold world's scorn
 Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;—
 But whether I live an honest man,
 And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
 I tell you my brother, as plain as I can,
 It matters *much!*

It matters little how long I stay
 In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
 Whether in youth I am called away,
 Or live till my bones of flesh are bare;—
 But whether I do the best I can
 To soften the weight of adversity's touch
 On the faded cheek of my fellow man,
 It matters *much!*

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

It matters little where be my grave,
If on the land, or in the sea;
By purling brook, 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or nought to me;—
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with a loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much !

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school :
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin ;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drove the wickets in :
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can ;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease :
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book upon his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide :
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the pond'rous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp :
" Oh, God ! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp ! "

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turn he took, —
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook, —
And lo ! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

" My gentle lad, what is't you read —
Romance or fairy fable ?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable ? "
The young boy gave an upward glance, —
" It is 'The Death of Abel.' "

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain, —
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again ;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain ;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves ;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves ;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves ;

And how the spirits of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod.—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod ;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain :
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain !

“ And well,” quoth he, “ I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life’s sacred stream !
For why ? Methought last night I wrought
A murder, in a dream !

“ One that had never done me wrong,—
A feeble man and old ;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold :
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold !

“ Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone !

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill ! ●

- “ And lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame ;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name !
- “ O God ! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out again !
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain !
- “ My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice ;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price :
A dozen times I groaned : the dead
Had never groaned but twice !
- “ And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite—
‘ Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight !’
- “ I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme :
My gentle Boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream !
- “ Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool ;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

“ Oh, Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn:
Like a Devil of the Pit I seemed,
’Mid holy Cherubim!

“ And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

“ All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep,
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

“ All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

“ One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave!

“ Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river-bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

- “ Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing ;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing :
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.
- “ With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran ;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began :
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man !
- “ And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was elsewhere ;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there :
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !
- “ Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep :
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.
- “ So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Ay, though he’s buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones !
- “ Oh God ! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer’s at the stake.

“ And still no peace for the restless clay,
 Will wave or mould allow ;
 The horrid thing pursues my soul—
 It stands before me now !”
 The fearful Boy looked up, and saw
 Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
 The urchin eyelids kissed,
 Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
 Through the cold and heavy mist ;
 And Eugene Aram walked between
 With gyves upon his wrist.

THE DUTCHMAN'S SERENADE.

ANON.

Vake up, my schveet! Vake up my lofe!
 Der moon dot can't been seen abofe.
 Vake oud your eyes, and dough it's late,
 I'll make you oud a serenate.

Der shtreet dot's kinder dampy vet,
 Und dhere vas no goot blace to set;
 My fiddle's getting oud of dune,
 So please get vakey wery soon.

O my lofe! my lofely lofe!
 Am you avake ub dhere abofe,
 Feeling sad und nice to hear
 Schneider's fiddle sherabin near?

Vell, anyvay, obe loose your ear,
 Und try to saw of you kin hear
 From dem bedclose vat you'm among,
 Der little song I'm going to sung.

Oh, lady vake! Get vake!
 Und hear der tale I'll tell;
 Oh, you vot's schleebin' sound ub dhere,
 I like you pooty vell!

Your plack eyes dhem don't shine
 Ven you'm ashleep—so vake!
 (Yes, hurry ub und voke up quick,
 For gootness cracious sake!)

My schveet imbatience, lofe,
 I hobe you vill oxcuse;
 I'm singing schveetly (dere py Jinks!
 Dhere goes a shtring proke loose!)

Oh, putiful, schveet maid!
 Oh, vill she ever voke?
 Der moon is mooning—(Jimminy! dhere
 Anoder shtring vent proke!)

Oh, say, old schleebly head!
 (Now I vas gitting mad—
 I'll holler now und I don't care
 Uf I vake up her dad!)

I say, you schleebly, vake!
 Vake oud! Vake loose! Vake ub!
 Fire! Murder! Police! Vatch!
 Oh cracious! do vake ub!

Dot girl she schleebed—dot rain it rained
 Und I looked shtoopid like a fool,
 Vhen mit my fiddle I sneaked off
 So vet und shlobby like a mool!

OVER THE HILL FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

WILL CARLETON

I, who was always counted, they say,
 Rather a bad stick any way,
 Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,
 Known as "the worst of the Deacon's six;"
 I, the truant, saucy and bold,
 The one black sheep in my father's fold,
 "Once on a time," as the stories say,
 Went over the hill on a winter's day—
Over the hill to the poor-house.

Tom could save what twenty could earn ;
But *givin'* was somethin' he ne'er would learn ;
Isaac could half o' the Scriptur's speak—
Committed a hundred verses a week ;
Never forgot, an' never slipped ;
But " Honor thy father and mother " he skipped ;
 So over the hill to the poor-house !

As for Susan, her heart was kind
An' good—what there was of it, mind ;
Nothin' too big, an' nothin' too nice,
Nothin' she wouldn't sacrifice
For one she loved ; an' that 'ere one
Was herself, when all was said an' done ;
An' Charley an' Becca meant well, no doubt,
But any one could pull 'em about ;
An' all o' our folks ranked well, you see,
Save one poor fellow, and that was me ;
An' when, one dark an' rainy night,
A neighbor's horse went out o' sight,
They hitched on me, as the guilty chap
That carried one end o' the halter-strap.
An' I think myself, that view of the case
Wasn't altogether out o' place ;
My mother denied it, as mothers do,
But I am inclined to believe 'twas true.
Though for me one thing might be said—
That I, as well as the horse, was led ;
And the worst of whiskey spurred me on,
Or else the deed would have never been done.
But the keenest grief I ever felt
Was when my mother beside me knelt,
An' cried, an' prayed, till I melted down,
As I wouldn't for half the horses in town.
I kissed her fondly, then an' there,
And swore henceforth to be honest and square.

I served my sentence—a bitter pill
Some fellows should take who never will ;
And then I decided to go " out West,"

Concludin' 'twould suit my health the best ;
 Where, how I prospered, I never could tell,
 But Fortune seemed to like me well ;
 An' somehow every vein I struck
 Was always bubbling over with luck.
 An', better than that, I was steady an' true,
 An' put my good resolutions through.
 But I wrote to a trusty old neighbor an' said,
 " You tell 'em, old fellow, that I am dead,
 An' died a Christian ; 'twill please 'em more,
 Than if I had lived the same as before."

But when this neighbor he wrote to me,
 " Your mother's in the poor-house," says he,
 I had a resurrection straightway,
 An' started for her that very day.
 And when I arrived where I was grown,
 I took good care that I shouldn't be known ;
 But I bought the old cottage, through and through,
 Of some one Charley had sold it to ;
 And held back neither work nor gold
 To fix it up as it was of old.
 The same big fire-place, wide and high,
 Flung up its cinders toward the sky ;
 The old clock ticked on the corner shelf—
 I wound it an' set it agoin' myself ;
 An' if everything wasn't just the same,
 Neither I nor money was to blame ;

Then—over the hill to the poor-house !

One blowin', blusterin' winter's day,
 With a team an' cutter I started away ;
 My fiery nags was as black as coal ;
 (They some'at resembled the horse I stole ;)
 I hitched, an' entered the poor-house door—
 A poor old woman was scrubbin' the floor ;
 She rose to her feet in great surprise,
 And looked, quite startled, into my eyes ;
 I saw the whole of her trouble's trace
 In the lines that marred her dear old face ;

“Mother!” I shouted, “your sorrow is done!
 You’re adopted along o’ your horse-thief son,
 Come *over the hill from the poor-house!*”

She didn’t faint; she knelt by my side,
 An’ thanked the Lord, till I fairly cried.
 An’ maybe our ride wasn’t pleasant an’ gay,
 An’ maybe she wasn’t wrapped up that day;
 An’ maybe our cottage wasn’t warm an’ bright,
 An’ maybe it wasn’t a pleasant sight,
 To see her a-gettin’ the evenins’ tea,
 An’ frequently stoppin’ an’ kissin’ me;
 An’ maybe we didn’t live happy for years,
 In spite of my brothers’ and sisters’ sneers,
 Who often said, as I have heard,
 That they wouldn’t own a prison-bird;
 (Though they’re gettin’ over that, I guess,
 For all of ‘em owe me more or less;)
 But I’ve learned one thing; an’ it cheers a man
 In always a-doin’ the best he can;
 That whether on the big book, a blot
 Gets over a fellow’s name or not,
 Whenever he does a deed that’s white,
 It’s credited to him fair and right.
 An’ when you hear the great bugle’s notes,
 An’ the Lord divides his sheep and goats;
 However they may settle my case,
 Wherever they may fix my place,
 My good old Christian mother, you’ll see,
 Will be sure to stand right up for me,
 With *over the hill from the poor-house!*

A STORY OF CHINESE LOVE.

The festive Ah Goo
 And Too Hay, the fair—
 They met, and the two
 Concluded to pair.

ONLY A PIN.

They "spooned" in the way
That most lovers do,
And Ah Goo kissed Too Hay,
And Too Hay kissed Ah Goo.

Said the festive Ah Goo,
As his heart swelled with pride,
"Me heap likee you—
You heap be my blide?"

And she looking down,
All so modest and pretty,
'Twixt a smile and a frown,
Gently murmured, "You bette."

ONLY A PIN.

A TALE WITH A POINT.

ANOK.

Only a pin—yet it calmly lay
On the carpeted floor in the light of day,
And shone serene and clear and bright,
Reflecting back the noonday's light.

Only a boy—but he saw that pin,
And his face assumed a fiendish grin;
And he slyly stooped with look intent,
Till both he and the pin alike were bent.

Only a chair—yet upon its seat
That well-bent pin found safe retreat;
Nor could the keenest eye discern
That heavenward its point did turn.

Only a man—but he chanced to drop
Upon that chair, when—bang! whiz! pop!
Like the cork from a bottle of champagne
He bounded up from that chair again.

Only a yell—but an honest one;
It lacked the remotest idea of fun,

And man, and boy, and pin, and chair
In close communion mingled there.

Only the pin—out of all the four,
Alone no traces of damage bore ;
The man was mad and dreadfully sore,—
And he lathered that boy behind and before,—
The chair lay smashed upon the floor,
Its seat was not hurt—but the boy's was raw !

THE MISER'S GRAVE.

JAMES HOGG.

Here's a lesson for the earth-born worm,
So deep engraven on the meagre platen
Of human frailty, so debased in hue,
That he who dares peruse it needs must blush
For his own nature. The poor shrivell'd wretch,
For whose lean carcass yawns this hideous pit,
Had nought that he desired in earth or heaven—
No God, no Saviour, but that sordid pelf,
O'er which he starved and gloated. I have seen him
On the exchange, or in the market-place,
When money was in plenteous circulation,
Gaze after it with such Satanic looks
Of eagerness, that I have wonder'd oft
How he from theft and murder could refrain.
'Twas downward alone withheld his hands,
For they would grasp and grapple at the air,
When his grey eye had fixed on heaps of gold,
While his clenched teeth, and grinning, yearning face,
Were dreadful to behold. The merchants oft
Would mark his eye, then start and look again,
As at the eye of basilisk or snake.
His eye of greyish green ne'er shed one ray
Of kind benignity or holy light
On aught beneath the sun. Childhood, youth, beauty,
To it all had one hue. Its rays reverted
Right inward, back upon the greedy heart

On which the gnawing worm of avarice
 Preyed without ceasing—straining every sense
 To that excruciable and yearning core.

Some thirteen days ago, he comes to me,
 And after many sore and mean remarks
 On men's rapacity and sordid greed,
 He says, "Gabriel, thou art an honest man,
 As the world goes. How much, then, will you charge
 To make a grave for me, fifteen feet deep?"
 "We'll talk of that when you require it, sir."

"No, no. I want it made, and paid for too;
 I'll have it settled, else I know there will
 Be some unconscionable overcharge
 On my poor friends—a ruinous overcharge!"

"But, sir, were it made now, it would fill up
 Each winter to the brim, and be to make
 Twenty or thirty times, if you live long."—

"There! There it is! Nothing but imposition!
 Even time must rear his stern, unyielding front,
 And holding out his shrivell'd skeleton hand,
 Demands my money. Nought but money! money!
 Were I coin'd into money I could not
 Half satisfy that craving greed of money.
 Well, how much do you charge? I'll pay you now,
 And take a bond from you that it be made
 When it is needed. Come, calculate with reason—
 Work's very cheap; and two good men will make
 That grave at two days' work; and I can have
 Men at a shilling each—*without* the meat—
 That's a great matter! Let them but to meat,
 'Tis utter ruin. I'll give none their meat—
 That I'll beware of. Men now-a-days are
 Cheap, dog cheap, and beggarly fond of work.
 One shilling each a day, *without* the meat.
 Mind that, and ask in reason; for I wish
 To have that matter settled to my mind."—

"Sir, there's no man alive will do't so cheap
 As I shall do it for the ready cash,"
 Says I, to put him from it with a joke.

"I'll charge you, then, one-fourth part of a farthing
 For every cubic foot of work I do,
 Doubling the charge each foot that I descend."
 "Doubling as you descend! Why, that of course.
 A quarter of a farthing each square foot—
 No meat, remember! Not an inch of meat,
 Nor drink, nor dram. You're not to trust to these.
 Wilt stand that bargain, Gabriel?"—"I accept."

He struck it, quite o'erjoyed. We sought the clerk,
 Sign'd—seal'd. He drew his purse. The clerk went on
 Figuring and figuring. "What a fuss you make!
 'Tis plain," said he, "the sum is eighteen pence."

"'Tis somewhat more, sir," said the civil clerk—
 And held out the account. "Two hundred pounds,
 And gallant payment over." The miser's face
 Assumed the cast of death's worst lineaments.
 His skinny jaws fell down upon his breast;
 He tried to speak, but his dried tongue refused
 Its utterance, and cluck'd upon the gum.
 His heart-pipes whistled with a crannell'd sound;
 His knell-knees plaited, and every bone
 Seem'd out of joint. He raved—he cursed—he wept—
 But payment he refused. "I have my bond,
 Not yet a fortnight old, and shall be paid."

It broke the miser's heart. He ate no more,
 Nor drank, nor spake, but groan'd until he died;
 This grave killed him, and now yearns for his bones.
 But worse than all, 'tis twenty years and more
 Since he brought home his coffin. On that chest
 His eye turn'd ever and anon. It minded him,
 He said, of death. And as he sat by night
 Beside his beamless hearth, with blanket round
 His shivering frame, if burst of winter wind
 Made the door jangle, or the chimney moan,
 Or crannied window whistle, he would start,
 And turn his meagre looks upon that chest;
 Then sit upon't, and watch till break of day.
 Old wives thought him religious—a good man!

A great repentant sinner, who would leave
His countless riches to sustain the poor.
But mark the issue. Yesterday, at noon,
Two men could scarcely move that ponderous chest
To the bedside to lay the body in.
They broke it sundry, and they found it framed
With double bottom! All his worshipp'd gold
Hoarded between the boards! O such a worm
Sure never writhed beneath the dunghill's base!
Fifteen feet under ground! and all his store
Snug in beneath him. Such a heaven was his.

LITTLE JOHNNY ON WOODCHUCKS.

ANON.

Woodchucks is a very curious animal. It is made of hair and eyes and has two front teeth, and can see a man with a gun when the eyes are shut and bolted. I have seen a dog shake a woodchuck till both were black in the face. A woodchuck can snivel up his nose, show his teeth, and look as homely as I can without trying. They sit on one end and eat with the other. A woodchuck can get home faster than a gun can shoot. He is round all over, except his feet which are black. When eat they retain the flavor of their nests and seem to have been cooked without being pared. A fat woodchuck, when eat properly, is no laughin' matter. They come under the head of "domestic animals," and think there ain't no place like home when a dog goes for one of 'em.

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